THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1800.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.*

Brilliant fancy, judgment clear,
Melody beyond compeer,
Quick intelligence of mind,
Reason strong, and thought refin'd,
All that genius, all that art,
Can of magic force impart,
Varied beauties to display,
Meet in POPE's enchanting lay!

LADY MANNERS.

FROM *living characters*, which we have, in general, delineated in our Miscellany, we turn aside to the illustrious dead; they ought not to be forgotten. Indeed the present subject of our memoir will never be forgotten; his writings will descend to the latest posterity.

ALEXANDER POPE, the celebrated English poet, was born June 8, 1688, in the Strand, where his father was then a hatter. The family being of the Romish religion, he was taught by a priest the Latin and Greek languages, and was soon after sent to a Popish seminary. His talent for versification discovered itself at an

early period, and he was extravagantly fond in his childhood of Ogilby and Sandys, who had made translations of Virgil and Ovid, though they were wretchedly inferior to the inimitable originals. At twelve he retired with his parents to Windsor Forest, and there became acquainted with the writings of Spenser, Waller, and Dryden. The latter he always mentioned with a kind of veneration.

When very young he wrote many pieces, of which he tells us he entertained a high opinion; this was natural, and his words are full of simplicity: "I confess," says he, "there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an *epic poem* and *panegyrics on all the princes*, and I thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret these delightful visions of my childhood, which like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever!"

His pastorals, begun in 1704, brought him considerable reputation; they introduced him to many of the learned, particularly Wycherly and Walsh, by whose advice he was essentially benefitted. In 1710 his *Windsor Forest* appeared, and excited general admiration. His *Essay on Criticism* came next, and shewed wonderful discrimination. It is scarcely credible that he should have produced this piece at *twenty* years of age; yet so soon were his powers ripened to perfection. In a poetical point of view his *Rape of the Lock* was still superior, because the ingenuity of the plan and the harmony of its numbers have secured universal approbation. It came out in 1712, and placed his name high in the scale of poetic fame. Indeed from such a production it was impossible that individuals of taste could withhold their admiration.

Mr. POPE now turned his attention to the *translation of Homer*, a most excellent work, and which proved very lucrative to him. The subscription, it is

said, amounted to six thousand pounds, besides twelve hundred pounds, which Lintot the bookseller gave him for the copy. In this translation he received considerable assistance; but he himself employed wonderful labour upon it, and it is in every respect a masterly production. Besides its poetical merit, a great knowledge is displayed of the customs and manners of antiquity. Some of the characters are pourtrayed with uncommon beauty and simplicity.

Mr. POPE having acquired a considerable fortune by his publications, purchased a house at Twickenham, which he embellished, together with the gardens, in a very pleasing manner. The decorations were fanciful, marked by the variations of a delicate refinement. In 1727 his *Dunciad* was laid before the public, and occasioned much noise in the literary world. He had many enemies, who had for a long time envied his reputation; these he brought together in this work, and there lashes them with an unmerciful severity. He consigns them over to the *goddess of dullness*, and holds them out to the grinning scorn of posterity. Some have censured the poet for this revenge which he took on his foes; but his provocation was great, and when once angered he was not easily pacified. These circumstances must be taken into consideration, otherwise it would appear from the Dunciad that its author, whatever may be his talents, was the most ill-natured man in the world.

By the advice of Lord Bolingbroke, he in 1729 wrote his *Essay on Man*, which has been very generally admired, though the sentiments have, by many, been censured. The verse is exquisite, and several paragraphs are charming beyond expression. It is suspected that Bolingbroke furnished the ideas, and POPE put them into verse with his usual felicity. The poet, however, was attacked; Warburton came forward to defend him, for which POPE felt so obliged, that an intimacy com-

menced which eventually raised Warburton to an elevated degree of prosperity.

Ethic Epistles were his next production, which abound with useful sentiments, happily expressed; and his *Satires*, which came from his pen in the year 1739, excited considerable attention. There is a point running through them particularly impressive. He keenly marked the prominent vices of the age, and indulged his severity against them with an honest indignation. Satire properly directed may have a most beneficial tendency; in some hands it is an excellent mean of general improvement.

Mr. POPE now meditated a correct edition of his works, but a complaint under which he had long laboured prevented him from fulfilling his intention; a dropsy in his breast came on rapidly, and under the pressure of this distemper he expired on the 30th of May, 1744, in his fifty-sixth year. He left a principal part of his fortune to Miss Blount, a lady to whom he was much attached; and he bequeathed the property of his works to Warburton, who in 1751 gave to the public a neat edition of all his works. Dr. Warton also has lately published a new edition of this great man's works, which is deserving of particular attention.

In this sketch of the life of POPE we have not transcribed passages of his poetry, because they are in every body's hands. In collections of any merit, his poems are generally found to constitute the largest and most pleasing part of their contents. *Verses on the Death of an unfortunate Lady—The Man of Ross—Sir Balaam*, and a thousand other pieces, claim universal admiration.

From Johnson's excellent *Life of Pope*, we shall conclude with extracts respecting his person and his works. Of his *person* take the following account:

"The person of POPE is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his ac-

count of the *Little Club*, compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak: and as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

"By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a *lung disease*. His most frequent assailant was the headach, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

"Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

"His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black with a tye-wig, and a little sword."

His *works* are thus ably characterized, and the pa-

rallell between Pope and Dryden is drawn with uncommon beauty:

"He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

"Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

"POPE was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

"For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten

their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*; of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. 'Almost every line,' he said, 'was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.'

"His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

"POPE had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of POPE.

"In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and POPE in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of POPE by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of POPE.

"Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but POPE did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of POPE is cautious and uniform; Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, POPE constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; POPE is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page

is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; POPE's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

" Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour POPE had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to POPE; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of POPE enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, POPE continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of POPE's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and POPE never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and POPE with perpetual delight.

" This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and enquiry may, perhaps, shew him the reasonableness of my determination."

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLV.]

CONVERSATION.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Words learnt by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But *talking* is not always—to CONVERSE;
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign!

COWPER.

THE power of communicating our ideas by means of language is peculiar to MAN, and constitutes a mark of discrimination between him and the rest of the animal creation. But it did not escape the sagacity of Mr. Cowper, that this faculty was frequently abused; here, therefore, he censures such an abuse in a pointed manner, and lays down rules for its wise and just regulation. In what CONVERSATION consists, our Author well knew, and expresses a wish that it might in *all* cases be appropriated to the purposes of general utility.

The following paragraph forms a beautiful introduction to the whole poem:

As alphabets in ivory employ,
Hour after hour, the yet unletter'd boy,
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee
Those seeds of science, call'd his A, B, C;
So language in the mouths of the adult
Witness its insignificant result,
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with and pass time away.
Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
And if it weigh th' importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie!

Sacred interpreter of human thought!
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But ALL shall give account of ev'ry wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue!
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market price;
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,
The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon!

The common but infamous practice of *swearing* in conversation is thus justly reprobated:

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife;
Some men have surely then a peaceful life!
Whatever subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
Asseveration blustering in your face
Makes contradiction such an hopeless case;
In every tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew;
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With *oaths* like rivets forc'd into the brain;
And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,
They *swear* it—till affirmance breeds a doubt!
A Persian humble servant of the sun,
Who tho' devout, yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
With *adjurations* every word impress,
Supposed the man a bishop, or at least,
God's name so much upon his lips—a priest!
Bow'd at the close with all his graceful airs,
And begg'd an interest in his frequent prayers!

To terminate the *quarrels* of conversation by the pistol or sword is, in Mr. Cowper's opinion, a mark of downright insanity; he is wisely for the contest of the *fist*, which is not so alarming, yet equally decisive:

To rush into a fix'd eternal state
Out of the very flame of rage and hate,
Or send another shivering to the bar,
With all the guilt of such unnatural war,

Whatever use may urge, or honour plead,
On reason's verdict is, a MADMAN's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No—
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
Will not affront ME, and no other can.
Were I empow'rd to regulate the lists,
They should encounter with well-loaded fists!
A Trojan combat would be something new,
Let DARES beat ENTELLUS black and blue;
Then each might shew to his admiring friends,
In honourable bumps his rich amends,
And carry, in contusions of his skull,
A satisfactory receipt in full!

The concluding paragraph in favour of *religious conversation* is peculiarly eloquent and impressive. Having urged the proper use of the tongue on divine subjects; he thus concludes:

So should an idiot, while at large he strays,
Find the sweet lyre on which an artist plays,
With rash and aukward force the chords he shakes,
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes!
But let the wise and well-instructed hand
Once take the shell beneath his just command,
In gentle sounds it seems as it complain'd
Of the rude injuries it late sustain'd,
Till tun'd at length to some immortal song,
It sounds JEHOVAH's name and pours his praise along!

Such sentiments and expressions are the offspring of true genius; and their real excellence places them aboye our commendation.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XLVII.]

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

(Translated from the French.)

THE northern lights proceed from the reflection of the sun's rays upon the dense atmosphere, that is expelled in a vertical direction, by his rarefying influence, from the other hemisphere, and by the great distance that we are from it, and the smallness of the particles to convey reflection, are the reasons why they appear of a dim red colour. The basis on which I found my opinion (says he) is principally because the northern lights appear in general about the time the sun gets under the north pole.

Deal, 1800. JOHN MERCER.

AN ANECDOTE.

ALONZO IV. surnamed the Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age; the pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention, for his confidents and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forest of Cintre while the affairs of government were neglected or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up: "Courts and camps," said he, "were allotted to kings, not woods and deserts; even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business, but when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin;

we came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase; exploits which are intelligible only to grooms and falconers. If your majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not,"—The king, starting with rage, interrupted:—"If not, what?"—"If not," resumed the nobleman in a firm tone, they will look for another and a better king!" Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, hastened out of the room; in a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled.—"I perceive," said he, "the truth of what you say; he that will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from *this* day you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the *sportsman*, but with Alonzo the KING of Portugal!

THE SCEPTIC.

Would you, my friend, the finished sceptic make,
To form his nature these materials take;
A little learning; twenty grains of sense,
Joined with a double share of ignorance;
Infuse a little wit into the skull,
Which never fails to make a mighty fool;
Two drams of faith—a tun of doubting next;
Let all be with the dregs of reason mixt.
When in his mind these jarring seeds are sown,
He'll censure all things—but approve of none.

ON A MOST EXCELLENT WOMAN.

Such sweetness and goodness together combined,
So beauteous her face, and so bright is her mind,
So loving yet chaste, and so humble yet fair,
So comely her shape, and so decent her air,
So skilful that nature's improved by her art,
So prudent her head, and so bounteous her heart;
So wise, without pride, and so modestly neat,
'Tis strange! this agreeable creature's a cheat;

For tho' she to man for a mortal was given,
These virtues betray her extraction from heaven!

EPIGRAM.

Upon some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met the parish curate as he went;
But just like what he was, a perfect clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a covered crown;
The gownsman stopp'd, and turning, sternly said,
"I doubt, my lad, you are iller taught than fed;"
"Why, aye," says Tom, still jogging on, "that's true,
"Thank God—he *feeds* me—but I'm taught by YOU."

EPITAPH IN SOUTHAMPTON CHURCH.

Here lies entomb'd within this vault so dark,
A taylor, soldier, clothdrawer, and a clerk;
Death snatched him hence, and also from him took
His needle, thimble, sword, and prayer-book!
He could not work, nor fight, nor read—what then?
Was forced to leave the world, and faintly cried—Amen.

A SCOLD.

Eternal fury! hold thy cursed tongue,
So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long,
That neither husband, neighbour, friend, or foe,
Can be at ease, whene'er they hear it go;
Dread thunder is a much less frightful noise;
Drums, guns, and bells, are music to thy voice;
The pillory, which the perjur'd villain fears,
Cannot be half so uneasy to the ears;
Nor is the aching head's vexatious pain
Half so tormenting to a sickly brain;
Then heaven defend, and keep my ears secure
From the sad plague which none but death can cure.

ORIENTAL PRESENTS.

THE crowd at the Baggage Warehouse of the East India Company has been immense, attracted by the presents for the Royal Family, consisting of the ward-

robe and other articles taken from the late Tippoo Sultan. The following is a particular account of the most remarkable of the articles:

GREEN WAR DRESS.

THIS dress (which belonged to Tippoo Sultan) is called a Chetta, a Persian word, implying forty folds. The inscription in the inside, however, states, that there are forty folds in the body of the dress. The turban has been dipped in the waters of Zum Zum, at Mecca, and is hence supposed to be invulnerable; it is a turbernock, or holy gift.—The nose-piece of the turban has several Arabic inscriptions in letters of gold, and taken chiefly from the Koran; they are all invocations to the prophet Mahomed, to protect the wearer. This dress was taken from Tippoo's own wardrobe, which contained no other but the clothes or armour in constant use. The above are intended for his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

A piece of mechanism representing a tyger in the act of devouring a prostrate European. There are some barrels in imitation of an organ within the body of the tyger: the sounds produced by the organ are intended to resemble the cries of a person in distress, intermixed with the roar of a tyger. The machinery is so contrived, that while the organ is playing the hand of the European is often lifted up to express his helpless and deplorable condition. This piece of mechanism was found in a room of the palace at Seringapatam appropriated for the reception of musical instruments.

TYGER'S HEAD.

THIS head formed part of the throne of Tippoo Sultan. It is made of wood, and is covered with plates of the purest gold, about one-tenth of an inch in thickness. The teeth are of rock crystal, and the eyes of the same material. The throne was of an octagonal

form, and entirely covered with similar plates of gold, marked with the tyger stripe (which was the distinguishing mark of Tippoo and his family). Over the throne was raised a canopy of gold, supported by eight light but strong pillars; there was a fringe of pearls round the top of the canopy, of about four inches in depth, the whole was crowned by a *herma* made entirely of precious stones, and sent to England in August, 1799. This head with four legs, representing the legs of a tyger, was placed under the throne. The seat of the throne was about five feet from the ground, and the height of the canopy eight or nine feet. The head is accompanied by a small but rich and beautiful carpet used by Tippoo upon his Musnud on days of state.

THE BEDDING OF THE SULTAN,

Is adorned with two green war helmets, dipped in the waters of Zum Zum, at Mecca, and thence supposed to be invulnerable. One peitre or cuirass to cover the body—are likewise presents to the king.

THE RED WAR DRESS,

FALLS to the share of the Prince of Wales. This war dress was worn by Tippoo, in his campaign in Adoiri, in 1789, against the Nizam and Mahrattahs. He was then in the plenitude of his power. Rajah Cawn, the Sultaun's favourite slave, knew the dress immediately on its being shewn to him, after the reduction of Seringapatam, and confirmed the fact above stated

MEDITATION

ON THE

DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

BY A PARENT.

" Some messenger of God my door has pass'd,
From earth returning, saw the beauteous flower,
Transported, gathered it, and in his hand
Bore it to heaven, rejoicing!" HURDIS.

LOVELY babe! how art thou changed! a little while ago I beheld thee healthy, sprightly, and active; affording thy parents a pleasing prospect of continuance with them, and that thou wouldest live to gladden their hearts, to employ their affectionate attentions, to alleviate their sorrows, to sweeten their cares, and to attend *them* to their peaceful abode, the grave. Thou hast been but a transient sojourner in this vale of tears: thou didst taste, at an early period, of the sorrows attendant on existence, and thou hast now felt the bitterness of death. Often have I seen thee seated on the knee, and solacing thyself at the breast; have beheld thy smiles, heard thy engaging, though inarticulate voice; have witnessed those artless and undissembled, yet sufficiently distinct and evident tokens of joy, on my return after a short absence, with the liveliest emotions, and such as only a parent can feel. Thy early malady and thy occasional pains excited my tenderest sympathy; and thy late improving health increased my satisfaction, and brightened my prospect, a prospect now, alas! completely blasted

But in what an affecting state have I since beheld thee! Thy parched frame, thy convulsive cough, thy melancholy moans, thy bedimmed eyes, thy distorted countenance, thy painful efforts to breathe, and thy sometimes ineffectual endeavours to suck, are deeply imprinted on my memory. Can I ever forget thy

wishful looks, the signs of pleasure thou gavest when brought to the breast after the absence of some hours, thine eager attempts to refresh thyself at it, as if conscious it would be thy last draught; those voluntary and repeated embraces, as if foreboding the last? Could neither prayers, nor tears, nor parental solicitude avail any thing? Alas! they were all fruitless. It was the will of heaven that thou shouldst stay with us no longer.

Now thou liest a stiffened corpse! thine eye looketh upon me no longer! How cold are those lips I have so often kissed! how dim those eyes that used to sparkle, and have so often brightened mine! The rose on thy cheeks is exchanged for the lily; and the crimson fluid which once circulated in thy veins, is now become stagnant! No more must I see thee smile, stretch out thine arms, solace thyself with nature's fluid, behold thy playful gesticulations, or receive thine endearing embraces! All thy senses are closed; thy little life is gone! I sigh, but thou dost not hear; the tears start from my eyes, and bedew my cheeks, but thou regardest them not! The yearnings of thy mother, at whose breast I have seen thee so often cling with such affectionate endearments, do not move thee at all! Thou seemest as insensible as the shroud that enwraps thee, or the coffin in which thou art now laid! O death! how ruthless, how relentless art thou, to tear, equally unmoved, the infant from the breast, and the mother from helpless infancy!

One painful scene yet remains. Such is the present condition of our being, and such is the alloy of domestic felicity; that "there comes a period in the life of man, in which he is reduced to the deplorable necessity of saying, with regard to the object of his fond affection; *bury my dead out of my sight.*" Yes, I must see thee shut up in thy coffin, excluded from light and air. I must behold thee conveyed out of that house, into which thou must no more re-enter; that house, in

which thy playfulness has so often enlivened the social circle; where we have so often, by turns, shared thy caresses. I must accompany thee to the grave, and see thy remains committed to the earth. Here I must leave thee. Here I must bid thee a long farewell. Here thou must repose in silence and inactivity "till the heavens be no more." Thy parents must behold thee no more on earth, nor thou them. Imagination lingers, and beholds thy fair form defaced, thy bones disjointed, and thy delicate frame entirely disorganized, and undistinguished from the contiguous and surrounding dust. Intrusive ignorance exclaims, Good God! why this spoliation? why subject a machine so curiously wrought, and so nicely proportioned, to such mutilation and debasement? But it is enough, that *all* his dispensations are directed by infinite and unerring reason, though impervious to short-sighted man. Submissively bowing therefore to the determinations of providence, "we shut up the grave, and for a short time quit these receptacles of death. Farewell! ye mouldering remains of a much-loved child. It is the cold consolation of the hopeless to add, we shall shortly return, and be laid beside thee."

By thy premature departure, thou art deprived of parental instruction; cut off from the common sources of knowledge; and prevented from living to enlighten thy species by thy wisdom, or improve them by thy example. Thy parents have lost the pleasure attending parental care, viewing the gradual unfolding of thine infant powers, and observing thy progressive advance to maturity. They are bereaved of the hope of witnessing thy filial piety, and solicitous attention, in sickness and the decline of life, when thine assistance might have smoothed the brow of care, afforded them the most heartfelt satisfaction, and made their descent to the grave more easy. In thee the order of nature seems inverted, and "thou who shouldst have been to us as posterity art in the place of an ancestor." But the deci-

sions of heaven are as wise and benevolent, as they are oftentimes inscrutable; and I would by no means indulge a querulous humour, nor suffer an irreverend or discontented thought of God to harbour for a moment in my breast. If thou art taken away from life and its enjoyments, thou art also delivered from its pains, its sorrows, and its vices. Thou art assuredly "taken away from the evil to come." Thy little bark has safely reached the harbour, where thou art secure from every tempest, by which, those whom thou hast left behind, may be long and violently tossed, perhaps overwhelmed. If thy parents are deprived of the pleasure of beholding thy hopeful youth, and thy virtuous maturity, and have lost the satisfaction of bestowing their attentions, and the hope of receiving thine; they will no more see thy tender frame pained, parched, agitated, convulsed; they will no more hear thy moans, see the deadly film becloud thine eye, or anxiously watch thy departing breath. And what would be more distressing to them still, they will never behold thee the victim of folly or seduction; nor sorrow for any aberrations of conduct in thee; nor fear respecting thy final destiny. If thou hast not lived to be an honour and a benefit to them, thou wilt bring on them no reproach; and they will never be reduced to the sad necessity, a necessity alas! to which many hapless parents are brought, of blushing to own thy name, and of acknowledging thy consanguinity.

I weep for thee, and have not power to restrain the falling tear. I consecrate it, without a blush, to thy memory. Thou wast lovely in my eyes, and that being who has taken away their desire *with a stroke*, will not be displeased at the pang it occasions. But it is not because I think thee unhappy, or God unjust; it is not because I feel any disposition to arraign the rectitude of his proceedings, to whose righteous dispensations I would be completely resigned. The very propensity in a creature of yesterday, with a spark, a mere

spark of intelligence, to indulge the insufferable arrogance of calling in question the decisions of infinite effulgence, would shock me. It is because an object of my affection, an affection not unlawful, because not immoderate, is taken from me, whose endearments, like tendrils, were entwined about my heart. I ask, is it beneath the man, the parent, or the christian to feel in such a case? And if not, can it be wrong to weep? Unfeeling apathy says yes; and they who have never been in a similar situation, and are strangers to such a feeling, call it weakness; as if a tender sensibility were a crime, or stupidity a virtue! Is not the pleasure arising from agreeable social connections, the most exquisite of earthly felicity? And was not man made a social being, that he might enjoy and communicate it? If, then, the formation and continuance of these relations were intended to afford, and do actually afford this satisfaction, the dissolution of them must, of course, occasion a pungency of pain, in proportion as the social principle is found to exist. Why has the author of nature endowed man with the capacity for sympathy, and formed him for the finer sensibilities of the soul? Why has he opened for him only, of all the variety of animated creatures, avenues by which he may give vent to them in tears? Doubtless, in aid of virtue, to heighten social endearments, to draw man more closely to man, and incite to more active exertions in relieving the wants, in contributing to the happiness, and performing the duties he owes to his species, and particularly to the domestic circle: in a word, to humanize, to refine, to endear. Sure the passions of love and grief cannot be pronounced unnatural and unbecoming, when not carried to excess; and that only is to be accounted excess, which breaks out in murmurs against the divine administration, or disqualifies for the duties we owe to survivors. Our Lord has himself sanctified the tears of friendship by his own, and the tears of affection cannot be less acceptable. Let him then, who can, hug him-

self on account of his insensibility in such a case, and if he please, call it greatness of soul. I envy him not his feelings, which, to me, display more of the indications of the mere animal, than of the social being.

What consolation remains for thy mourning parents, to solace them while bemoaning their loss? That thy early departure will, in a way known to infinite intelligence and goodness be thy everlasting gain. That thou art "past all storms, eased of all pains," and freed from all evils. That thou art secure from every tempest, whom no rude blast can ever reach, nor wayward passion agitate. That thou art transplanted into a more genial clime, and become an inhabitant of that world, where thy embryo powers will more rapidly evolve. That thy parents will never more feel pain, by any thing thou wilt suffer; and they hope that their disembodied spirits will, in a little time, come where thine is gone; and that, when the resurrection morn arrives, they will see thee again re-fashioned, improved, beautified, refined, and made immortal. It would have appeared a more affecting circumstance, hadst thou been bereaved of thy parents at such an age, and left an helpless and friendless orphan in an ensnaring and evil world; thus deprived of parental attention, vigilance, and direction. They would have left thee behind them in the midst of such perils, with more anxiety and perturbation than they now feel, in committing thee to the grave. Should they be speedily called to follow thee they may have occasion to feel much solicitude for those they may leave behind, when thy being gone before, will be an event of pleasing contemplation. Yes, my child! the rational, scriptural hope of seeing, of meeting, of embracing, of felicitating thee in heaven; the prospect of mutual congratulations, of a renewal of affections and endearments, that will be refined, unabating, and endless, is our greatest consolation, and, in defiance of our present sensations, alleviates our griefs. "Hail! that triumphant morn, *when death shall be*

swallowed up for ever; when you, with ourselves, and the multitude of the blessed that surrounds us, shall rise again; when the trumpet shall sound, and they who sleep in the dust shall awake; *when corruption shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality!* The grave, the sacred repository of thy remains, faithful to its trust, shall resign its charge at the voice of Christ; and we shall meet again and separate no more. We shall not again witness the affecting scene of thine expiring agonies. The cruel hand of death will not be able there to reach thee, and tear thee from our embraces. Thou shalt flourish in eternal health and vigour, and be, with us, *for ever with the Lord.*"

What is the lesson thy death affords to thy parents? Undoubtedly, a very instructive one:—that they are still on that journey which thou hast so speedily finished;—that they are only probationers of that world into which thou art happily arrived, and should, therefore eagerly press forward; that they have yet to pass that bourn, which no traveller ever repassed, and should steadily keep it in view: but, in order that they may obtain that admittance into paradise, which thou hast found, they must "hold out to the end:"—that the time of their "departure may be at hand," and therefore it is needful to relax their hold, as much as may be, of objects and enjoyments of uncertain continuance, and from which, willing or unwilling, a separation is inevitable; that the grave that encloses thee, will in a little time open for them; when they will be as insensible to all that is passing in the world as thou art, and where also, it can administer as little to their pleasure, as it now does to thine. May they, from thy decease, be more solicitous to prepare for theirs!—May the loss of thee be borne with christian resignation, and prepare them for any other deprivations the righteous governor of the world may appoint! And, as thy arrival in a peaceful and happy world, gives them an additional interest in it,

may it be a stimulus to redoubled exertions to share it with thee, and enjoy that reciprocity, and refinement of endearments, which death has, indeed, interrupted, but not destroyed! May they love less a world so empty, so vain, so inconstant; and sigh for enlargement and perfection!

Hinckley, 1800. J. F.

THE

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WELCH.

[From Bingley's Tour round North Wales.]

FROM ancient, I will now descend to modern times, from that hardy race of warlike characters, which were with so much difficulty subdued by the English monarchs, to their present peaceful state, in which they enjoy happiness, that, in feudal times, they never experienced.

In those mountainous or secluded parts of the country, that are scarcely known to the English tourist, where their manners still retain the greatest degree of originality, the lower classes of the inhabitants appear to possess an innocence and simplicity of character, unknown in the populous parts of our own country; and amongst these it is that we are to search for that native hospitality, so much boasted of by the Welsh writers: but, wherever the English have had frequent communication, from their being in general so profuse of their money, and from the temptation that this has afforded to practise impositions on them, I have found the people but little differing from the like class amongst us. On the great roads, they seem to take a pride in overreaching, in most of their little bargains, their Saxon neighbours, as they denominate the English. A Welsh gentleman informed me, (and in many instances I have experienced its truth) that it is a common practice amongst them, to ask nearly as much more for an arti-

cle as they mean to take, and, with those who know them, it is always usual to offer them less. This is the case, in some measure, in our own country, but certainly not so frequently as in Wales.

The Welsh people have in general a rustic bashfulness and reserve, which by strangers unused to their manners has been often mistaken for sullenness. They are generally said to be very irascible. This may be so; but I am inclined to think, that the natural rapidity of their expression, in a language not understood, has alone been frequently construed into passion, when there has been nothing of the kind. Persons who form ideas from the opinions of others, without taking the pains to make observations for themselves, are very often misled, and such I am confident has been the case a thousand times, in the judgments that have been formed of this circumstance.

They have every appearance of being most miserably poor. Their cottages are frequently constructed of stones, whose interstices are filled up with peat or mud; and so careful are they of glass, that their windows are scarcely large enough to light around their wretched sheds.

Their general food is bread, cheese, and milk; and sometimes, what they call flummery, which is made of oatmeal and milk mixed together, and then boiled. Animal food, or ale, are not among their usual fare.

The women in the mountainous parts are generally about the middle size, though more frequently below, than above it; and though their features are often very pretty, their complexions are for the most part somewhat sallow. They wear long blue cloaks that descend almost to their feet; these they are seldom to be seen without, even in the very hottest weather, owing most probably to the sudden showers, which the attraction of the mountains renders them liable to be taken in. In North Wales they have all hats, similar to those of the men, and they wear blue stockings without any feet to

them, which they keep down by a kind of loop that is put round one of their toes. In the most unfrequented parts they seldom wear any shoes, except on a Sunday, or the market day, and even then they often carry them in their hands, as they go along the roads; I have seen them by six or eight together, seated on the bank of a rivulet, after their journies from the neighbouring villages, washing their feet before they entered the towns. In these journies, if their hands are not otherwise employed, they generally occupy their time in knitting, and I have sometimes seen that even a heavy fall of rain would not compel them to give it up. Their employment within doors is chiefly in spinning wool.

The Welsh people are naturally inquisitive and curious, but this is by no means a circumstance peculiar to this country. In all wild and unfrequented parts of the world it is the same, and it is only in such parts of Wales that this disposition is the most observable. Dr. Franklin has told us that this curiosity prevailed so much in America, that when he travelled in that country, if he only wished to ask the road, he found it expedient to save time, by prefacing his question with "My name is Benjamin Franklin—by trade a printer—am come from such a place—and going to such a place; and now —which is my road?" In all travels through unfrequented countries, we find it very common; and from the inquisitive dispositions of men in general, where novelty lays such hold upon their attention, it would even seem strange were we not to find it so.

They are much inclined to superstition. But in all countries there are weak and foolish people; in England many of our peasantry are ready to swallow, with the most credulous avidity, any ridiculous stories of ghosts, hobgoblins, or fairies. In Wales it is more general, and the people are certainly more credulous than the generality of the English. There are very few of the mountaineers who have not by heart a whole string of legendary tales of those disembodied beings.

The Roman cavern, in Llanymynech hill, called Ogo, has been long noted as the residence of a clan of the fairy tribe, of whom the villagers relate many surprising and mischievous tricks. They have listened at the mouth of the cave, and have sometimes even heard them in conversation, but always in such low whispers that their words have been never distinguishable. The stream that runs across it, is celebrated as being the place in which they have been heard to wash their clothes, and do several other kinds of work.

These busy little folk seem to be somewhat allied to what are called knockers, which by the Welsh are believed to be a species of aërial beings, that are heard underground in or near mines, who by their noises direct the miners where to find a rich vein. The following extraordinary account of them is from a letter of Mr. Lewis Morris, to his brother, Mr. William Morris, comptroller of the customs at Holyhead, dated October the 14th, 1754. I will make no comment upon it, and only preface it by observing, that Mr. Morris was a very learned and sensible man, and a person whose judgment is esteemed of great weight, by every one who has been either acquainted with him or his writings. "People who know very little of arts or sciences, or the powers of nature, (which in other words, are the powers of the author of nature) will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of knockers in mines, a kind of good-natured impalpable people, not to be seen, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types or forerunners of working in the mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain or storms. If we did not know the construction of it we should call it a kind of dream, that foretells rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means comprehended by us. Now how are we sure, or any body sure, but that our dreams are produced by the same natural means? There is some

faint resemblance of this in the sense of hearing; the bird is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, I must speak well of these knockers, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are aërial beings, called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter, not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire, and the like.

"Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn mine, these little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest sober people who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them, or of mines either; but, after the discovery of the great ore, they were heard no more.

"When I began to work at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they even frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore, they then gave over, and I heard no more talk of them.

"Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them blasting, boring holes, landing deads, &c. than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work, in the dead of the night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear or harm they will do him; for they have a notion, that the knockers are of their own tribe and profession, and are a harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together, shall hear them sometimes, but if the miners stop to take notice of them, the knockers will also stop; but let the miners go on at their own work, suppose it is boring, the knockers will go on as brisk as can be, in landing, blasting, or beating down the loose; and they are always heard a little from them before they came to the ore.

"These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot, and do not pretend to account

for them. We have now very good ore at Llwyn Llwyd, where the knockers were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice and thank the knockers, or rather God, who sends us these notices."

An intelligent friend of mine informs me that these noises of the knockers, as they are called, have very lately been heard in the parish of Llanvihangel Ysgeiviog, in Anglesea, where they continued at different intervals for some weeks. In accounting for these noises it has been observed, that they probably proceeded either from the echo of the miners at work, or from the dropping of water; but these seem by no means sufficient, if Mr. Morris's assertion be true, that while the miners are going on with one kind of work they are going on with another, while for instance, as he says, the miners are boring, they are blasting, the former certainly cannot be true, and the blasting entirely puts the latter conjecture out of the question, for the droppings of water could never produce any effect of that kind. As I am only acquainted with the subject from report, I am under the necessity of leaving the elucidation of these extraordinary facts to some who have better opportunities of enquiring into them. I have only to express a hope that the subject will not be neglected, and that those who reside in any neighbourhood where they are heard, will enquire into them carefully, and, if possible, give to the world a more accurate account of them, than the present.

As soon as it is dark on the evening before Michaelmas-day, the Welsh people kindle great fires near their houses, and generally, where they can have it, on a large stone upon an eminence. These they call coelcerth, or bonfires; and Rowlands, in his Mona, supposes this custom to have originated with the druids, and to have been intended by them as an offering of thanksgiving, for the fruits of the harvest. The druids

had also another at the vernal equinox, to implore a blessing from the deity on the fruits of the earth. On Michaelmas-eve, several hundreds of these fires may sometimes be seen at once, round each of which are numbers of the labouring people, dancing hand in hand, "in merry glee," shouting and singing, in the most riotous and frantic manner. In many places they retain a custom of each throwing stones or nuts into the flame, by which they pretend to foretell the good or ill luck that will attend them in the ensuing year.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist, they fix sprigs of the plant called St. John's Wort over their doors, and sometimes over their windows, in order to purify their houses, and by that means drive away all fiends, and evil spirits, in the same manner as the druids were accustomed to do with vervain.

They have a firm belief in witches; and, consequently, many old women, merely because they happen to be old and ugly, are forced to bear all the blame of the cows not yielding milk, or of the butter not forming in the churn. They are also believed to possess the power of inflicting any disorder they think proper on man or beast, and that they never neglect to do it, if they have been offended. There are now living two celebrated conjurors, or fortune-tellers, who are consulted by all the neighbours, when their goods, or cattle are missing; these are Sionet Gorn, of Denbigh, and Dick Smot, of Oswestry.

The young people have many pretended modes of foretelling their future sweethearts, but most of these being common also amongst the peasantry of our own country, it would be useless here to repeat them.

I have been informed that a disorder something similar to St. Anthony's fire, called Yr Eryr, the eagle, is supposed by the labouring people to be always cured by the following kind of charm. A man or woman whose father, grandfather, or great-grandfather, have eaten the flesh of that bird, is to spit upon the part af-

fected, and rub it, and they say that it will certainly go away. A servant girl, belonging to a friend of mine, who resides in Wales, says she was cured of this complaint by an old man, whose grandfather had eaten of an eagle's flesh; he made use also of some words, to assist in the charm, which she did not comprehend.

There is an opinion, very commonly received within the diocese of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, that, a short time before the death of any person, a light is frequently seen proceeding from the house, and even sometimes from the bed, where the sick person lies, and pursues its way to the church where the corpse is to be interred, precisely in the same track in which the funeral is afterwards to follow. This light is called Canwyll Corph, or the corpse candle.

I have been told of a strange custom that prevails in some parts of North Wales, which no doubt the clergy study to abolish, as much as lies in their power. When any person supposes himself highly injured, it is not uncommon for him to repair to some church, dedicated to a celebrated saint, as Llan Elian in Anglesea, and Clynog in Caernarvonshire, and there, as it is termed, to offer his enemy. He kneels down on his bare knees in the church, and offering a piece of money to the saint, utters the most virulent imprecations, calling down curses and misfortunes upon the offender and his family for generations to come, all which they have a firm belief will come to pass. Sometimes instead of a church they repair to some of the sacred wells, that are dedicated to the saints. Mr. Pennant mentions his being threatened by a fellow, who fancied he had been injured by him, "with the vengeance of St. Elian, and a journey to his well, to curse him with effect."

Some of these wells are in great repute for the cure of diseases, by means of the intercession of the saint. The saints are also applied to, when any kind of goods are lost, and are made the instruments of recovering them, or of discovering the thief who has stolen them.

St. George had formerly in the parish of Abergeley, in Caernarvonshire, his holy well, at which this British Mars had his offering of horses; for the rich were at certain times accustomed to offer one, to secure his blessing on all the rest. St. George was the tutelar saint of those animals; and all that were distempered, were brought to this well, sprinkled with the water, and had this blessing bestowed: Rhad Duw a saint Siors arnat, "the blessing of God and St. George be on thee."

In the churches, when the name of the devil occurred, an universal spitting used formerly to seize the congregation, as if in contempt of that evil spirit; and whenever Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him, by smiting their breasts.

If a Ffynnon Vair, or Well of our Lady, or any other saint, was near, the water for baptism was always brought from thence; and, after the ceremony was over, old women were very fond of washing their eyes in the water of the font.

Upon Christmas day, about three o'clock in the morning, most of the parishioners assembled in the church, and, after prayers and a sermon, continued there singing psalms and hymns with great devotion, till it was day-light; and if, through age or infirmity, any were disabled from attending, they never failed having prayers at home, and carols on our Saviour's nativity. The former part of the custom is still in some places preserved, but too often perverted into intemperance. This act of devotion is called Pulgen, or the crowing of the cock. It has been a general belief among the superstitious, that instantly

> "at his warning,
> Whether in sea, or fire, in earth, or air,
> Th' extravagant and erring spirit, hies
> To his confine."

But during the holy season, the cock was supposed to exert his power throughout the night; from which un-

doubtedly originated the Welsh word Pulgen, as applied to this custom. Accordingly Shakspeare finely describes this old opinion:

> " Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad:
> The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike:
> No fairy takes: no witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time."

The lower class of people of Caernarvonshire, Anglesea, and part of Merionethshire, have a mode of courtship, which, till within these few years, was scarcely ever heard of in this kingdom. The lover generally comes, under the shadow of the night, and is taken, without any kind of reserve, into the bed of his fair one. Here, as it is generally understood, with part of his clothes still on, he breathes his tender passion, and " tells how true he loves." This custom seems to have originated in the scarcity of fuel, and in the disagreeableness of sitting together in cold weather without fire. Much has been said of the innocence with which those meetings are conducted; it may be so in some cases, but it is certainly not an uncommon thing for a son and heir to be brought into the world within two or three months after the marriage ceremony has taken place. No notice seems however to be taken of it, provided the marriage is over before the living witness is brought to light. As this custom is entirely confined to the labouring people, it is not so pregnant with danger as it might otherwise be supposed, for both parties being poor, they are constrained to marry, in order to secure their reputation, and, by that means, a method of getting a livelihood.

THE LIFE OF THESEUS.

ABRIDGED FROM PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

WE are about to treat of things of great antiquity, and hence are we entitled to our readers candour. Our theme is of Theseus, who peopled the famous city of Athens, as did Romulus the renowned and invincible city of Rome. Theseus seems to resemble Romulus in many particulars. Both of them were born out of wedlock and of uncertain parentage; both had the repute of being sprung from the gods;

> And warriors both by all the world confess'd.

In both of them strength of body was united with vigour of mind, each of them founded one of the two most famous cities in the world; both committed rapes, both suffered great domestic misfortunes, and both were polluted with the blood of their near relations; and both, towards the conclusion of their lives, are said to have incurred the displeasure of their own citizens. We might enter into romantic observations respecting the birth and parentage of Theseus; but we beg leave to proceed forward without adducing the many fabulous accounts relative to our hero. Theseus in his youth not only possessed a great strength of body but an extraordinary understanding and magnanimity. It was in Peloponesus where Theseus was succoured by his mother Ethra; soon did he evince a desire of performing some daring exploit, for he panted after dangerous adventures; the actions of Hercules fired him with ardour to perform those of a similar kind, and in journeying from Peloponesus to Athens, he overcame tremendous obstacles. He slew many ruffians of prodigious strength, ruffians, who in that age infested the different states, and used the gifts of nature only to gratify their pride and insolence by rapine and every kind of violence against all who fell into their hands.

Various were the exploits Theseus performed ere he reached Athens. He remained but a short while inactive, for he left Athens to fight with the bull of Marathon, which did no small mischief to the inhabitants of Tetrapolis; and having overcome it, he brought it alive in triumph, and afterwards sacrificed it to Apollo Delphinius.

Not long after arrived, the third time, from Crete, the collection of the tribute which the Athenians paid the Cretans upon the following occasion. Androgeus having been thought to be treacherously murdered in Attica, not only Minos distressed the Athenians by war, but the gods also laid waste their country; but being told by the oracle that if they appeased Minos the anger of the gods would cease, and they should be relieved from the miseries they laboured under, they sent ambassadors, and with much entreaty at length obtained a peace, upon condition they should send to Crete every ninth year a tribute of seven young men and as many virgins. Thus far writers generally agree, but some have given a fabulous and tragical account of this circumstance. Aristotle, in his history of the Boticæans, is of opinion that these youths were not slain by Minos *, but that they spent the remainder of their days in slavery in Crete. Minos was always ill-spoken of, and represented as a very bad man upon the Athenian stage. From this it appears how dangerous it is to incur the hatred of a city that is mistress of eloquence and the seat of the muses. Hesiod calls Minos the greatest of kings, and Homer ranks him as the companion of Jupiter.

Theseus springing from Ægeus was, agreeable to this tyrant's laws, exempt from the punishment of being drafted as one of the tributary youth; this gave addi-

* This work of Aristotle is lost. Surely this good king and wise law-giver never could be guilty of so much injustice and inhumanity as to sacrifice innocence.

tional discontent to those fathers whose sons were liable to take their chance by lot. These things very sensibly affected Theseus, who thinking he ought not to neglect, but rather to partake of the sufferings of his fellow citizens, freely offered to go without drawing any lot; all admired this instance of generosity and public spirit. The lot being cast, and Theseus taking with him out of the Prytaneum those upon whom it fell, went to the Delphinian temple, and made an offering to Apollo for their safe return; this offering was a bough of a consecrated olive tree, bound about with white flannel. When he arrived in Crete, as most of the ancient historians as well as poets write, he had a clue of thread given him by Ariadne, who had fallen in love with him, and being instructed by her in the use of it, which was to conduct through all the windings of the labyrinth, he slew the Minotaur, and sailed back, taking with him Ariadne and the young Athenian captives. Theseus from this epoch was adored by the Athenians. It is related that on his return he prepared a navy, with which he set sail, and soon arrived at Crete, and since they were not even apprised of his intentions, he soon made himself master of the haven, and immediately making a descent, he pushed on to Gnossus, before any notice of his coming could be received, and joining in battle before the gates of the labyrinth, he put Deucalion and all his guards to the sword. The government by this means falling to Ariadne, he made a league with her, and ratified a perpetual friendship between the Athenians and Cretans. We do not find that Theseus remained faithful to Ariadne, for it appears that he deserted her, and that she returned to Naxos with her nurse Corcyne, and there died. On his return his countrymen bestowed on him marks of the highest esteem.

After the death of his father Ægeus, forming in his mind a wonderful design, he gathered together all the inhabitants of Attica into one town, and made them one

people of one city. This was an arduous task, as he had many jarring interests to contend with. After accomplishing this object, he dissolved the distinct courts of justice, &c. and built one common prytaneun and council hall, where it stands to this day, and out of the old and new city he made one, and named it Athens. Then, as he had promised, he laid down regal power and settled a commonwealth. Designing yet further to enlarge his city, he invited all strangers to come and enjoy equal privileges with the natives; and some are of opinion that the form of proclamation sometimes used in Athens, "Come hither all ye people," were the words that Theseus caused to be proclaimed when he thus established a commonwealth. Yet he suffered not his state, by the promiscuous multitude that flowed in, to be put into confusion, and left it without any order or degree; but was the first that divided the commonwealth into three distinct ranks—the noblemen, the husbandmen, and artificers. To the nobility he committed the care of religion, the choice of magistrates, and dispensing of the laws; the whole city, in other respects, being as it were reduced to an exact equality, the nobles excelling the rest in honour, the husbandmen in usefulness, and the artificers in number. Theseus was the first, who, as Aristotle says, out of an inclination to popular government, parted with the regal power. Homer also seems to prove this in his catalogue of the ships, where he gives the name of people to the Athenians only.

He likewise coined money, and stamped it with the image of an ox, either in memory of the Marathonian bull, or of Minos's general Taurus, or else to put his people in mind to follow husbandry. He also first instituted annual games in emulation of Hercules. Some authors give a tragical story of Solon, who accompanied Theseus in his voyage into the Euxine sea. Pythopolis appears to have received its name from this occurrence. The building of Pythopolis, by Theseus,

was the ground of the war with the Amazons *, who, though a body of women, displayed wonderful courage, and even threatened the overthrow of the Athenians, that, at length after four months, a peace was concluded between them by the mediation of Hippolyta. Clidemus says that Theseus married the heroine. There are also accounts of other marriages of Theseus, of which neither the beginnings were honourable nor the events fortunate; for he is said to have forced Analo the Troezinian, and after he had slain Sennis and Cercyon to have ravished their daughters; to have married Peubocia, the mother of Ajax, and then Pherebia, and then Iope, the daughter of Iphicles. He is accused of deserting Ariadne, being in love with Aegle, the daughter of Panopeus, an action neither just † or honourable; and, lastly, for the rape of Helen, which filled Attica with war and blood, and was in the end the occasion of his banishment and death.

The friendship between Theseus and Peirithous is said to have begun thus. The fame of Theseus was so great, that Peirithous was desirous to make trial himself of what he had heard so much celebrated. To this end he seized a herd of oxen which belonged to Theseus, and was driving them away from Marathon, when the news was brought to Theseus, who immediately pursued him, upon which he turned back to meet him; but as soon as they had viewed one another's gracefulness, they laid aside all thoughts of revenge, in fine they became from this moment inviolable friends.

* It is not easily determined whether an army of women ever existed. The ancients argue that it did, and a late learned writer, Dr. Sibly, does not deny it, on the contrary gives it credit.

† With justice Plutarch condemns the inconstancy and duplicity of our hero, who indeed seems to have possessed the qualities of a warrior without the virtues of a just and peaceable citizen.

Theseus was now fifty years of age, as Hellanicus reports, when he was guilty of the rape of Helen, an action very unsuitable to his age. Theseus and Peirithous went together to Sparta, and having seized the young lady as she was dancing in the temple of Diana Orthia, fled away with her; they made an agreement that he to whom the lot should fall should have Helen to his wife, but should be obliged to assist his friend in procuring another. The lot fell to Theseus, who took the young lady, not being as yet marriageable, and committed her to the care of his own mother. This done, he accompanied his friend Peirithous in his journey to Epirus, in order to steal away the daughter of Aidoneus, king of the Molossians. This king being apprised of their intentions, he caused them both to be seized, and threw Peirithous to be torn to pieces by his dog Cerberus, and put Theseus in prison.

About this time Menestheus, the son of Proteus, the first man that is recorded to have affected popularity by public harangues, started up and exasperated the most eminent men of the city, who had long borne a secret grudge to Theseus. Whilst he was thus busied in affecting the minds of the people, the war that Castor and Pollux made upon the Athenians came very opportunely to further this orator's sedition. After Aphidnæ was taken the whole city of Athens was much alarmed even to such a degree that they opened their gates to Castor and Pollux.

It happened that Hercules passing once through the country of the Molossians, was entertained on the way by Aidoneus the king, who in discourse accidentally mentioned Theseus and Peirithous, with what design they came into his dominions, and in what manner he had punished them. Hercules was extremely concerned for the inglorious death of the one and the miserable condition of the other. Hercules prevailed on the king to liberate Theseus, who returned to Athens truly

grateful for the kindness shewn him by his benefactor. He, however, found things in a very seditious state; for those of the Athenians who had long bore a hatred to him hesitated not to rise in arms; he attempted to command obedience by force, but was overpowered by the faction; despairing of success, he sent away his children privately, and he himself having solemnly cursed the people of Athens sailed to Scyrus.

Lycomedes was at this time king of Scyrus; Theseus therefore addressed himself to him, and desired his lands * put into his possession, as designing to settle there. But Lycomedes being either jealous of the glory of so great a man, or desirous to gratify Menestheus, on pretence of shewing him, from a rock, the lands he desired, threw him headlong down the precipice, and killed him †. According to others he fell down himself. At that time there was no particular notice taken, nor were any concerned for his death; and Menestheus quickly possessed the kingdom of Athens. Theseus's sons were brought up in a private condition, and accompanied Elephenor in the Trojan war; but after the death of Menestheus they returned to Athens and recovered the kingdom. In succeeding ages there were several circumstances that induced the Athenians to honour Theseus as a demigod. It is said, that the relics of Theseus being discovered by chance, they were brought to Athens, and there interred in the most solemn and joyful manner by the Athenians. He lies in the middle of the city, near the gymnasium, and his tomb is the sanctuary for servants, and all of mean condition, who fly from the persecution of men in power,

* Theseus had a parental estate in Scyrus.

† When we seriously reflect on the precarious state of earthly honours, dignity, and power, every emotion of ambition "dies within us," we discover the nothingness of the most renowned attainments, and learn to praise those things which are in themselves useful and productive of happiness.

in memory that Theseus, while he lived, was a protector of the distressed, and never refused the petitions of the afflicted.

CARUTH.

AN

EPITOME OF AIKIN'S ENGLAND.

WITH A FEW ADDITIONS.

For the Use of Young Persons.

ENGLAND IN GENERAL

IS of triangular form.—West side, by a straight line drawn from Berwick to the Land's End in Cornwall, 425 miles.—East side, from Berwick to the South Foreland in Kent, 345 miles; and the triangle, completed by a line from the South Foreland to the Land's End, 340 miles. Its entire length being 340, and its breadth 300 miles.

The Six Northern Counties.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Length 70 miles, breadth 40 miles. Mountains—Cheviot hills. Rivers—Tyne, Coquet, and Tweed, receiving the Till. Towns—Berwick, North Shields, Newcastle, Hexham, and ALNWICK, the county town. Battles—Near Hexham, 1463, between York and Lancaster, very bloody, latter defeated; Holydown near Berwick, 1333, in which Edward III. defeated the Scots; and, lastly, Flodden, on the banks of the Till, where the Earl of Surry, 1513, routed the Scots, and their valiant king, James IV. was slain.

CUMBERLAND.

Cumberland's greatest length 80 miles, breadth 40 miles, least populous of any in the kingdom, but rich in mineral treasures—black lead at Borrowdale; more lakes here and in Westmoreland than in any other part of the kingdom; the principal is Derwentwater, near the lofty mountain Skiddaw. Two rivers—the Eden and Derwent. Capital, CARLISLE. Towns—Ravinglass, St. Bee's-head, Whitehaven, Workington, Cockermouth, Mary-port, and Penrith. Historical events—at Burgh upon Sands, Edward 1st. died, 1307. Carlisle was besieged 1745 by the rebels, and Solway Moss, a large morass, was in 1791 overflown by a black inky fluid.

DURHAM.

Greatest length 35 miles, ditto breadth 45. Rivers—Derwent, Were, and the Tees. Towns—capital, DURHAM, famous for mustard; Bishop Aukland, South Shields, Sunderland, Hartlepool, Stockton, and Darlington. Historical events—Nevill's Cross, near Durham, celebrates a victory over David Bruce, King of Scotland, by Phillippa, queen of Henry III. 1346.

YORKSHIRE.

Length 80 miles, breadth 100 miles, divided into three ridings, north, east, and west; an epitome of the whole kingdom as to soil, product, and the face of the country. Principal river Ouse, whose branches are like the veins of a spreading leaf. YORK the capital, where there is a fine minster. Towns—Whitby, Scarborough, Hull, Rippon, Leeds, Halifax, Bradford, Wakefield, Keighley, Huddersfield, Pontefract, Sheffield, and Harrowgate. Hills—Ingleborough and Whernside. Historical events—Richard II. slain at Pontefract castle; the battle of the Standard at North

Allerton, 1137, in which David King of Scotland was defeated. In 1460 Richard Duke of York was defeated and slain by the Lancastrians near Wakefield; but the next year it was revenged by his son Edward IV. near Shirburn, in which 35,000 fell on both sides; and in 1644 the Parliament defeated Charles the First at Marston Moor near York, the foundation of Cromwell's influence and reputation.

WESTMORELAND.

Length 45, breadth 45, very barren, three fourths lying uncultivated, but abounds in slate of the finest sort: it affords geese, butter, and hams. Lakes—Winander Mere, the most extensive in England, also Ulles-water and Broadwater. The principal river is Eden, near which is Stanemore, a region of most savage aspect. Towns—the principal APPLEBY, and the only commercial town is Kendal.

LANCASHIRE.

Length 60, breadth 45. The hundred of Furness a a curious disjoined part. Rivers are the Lune, Ribble, and the Mersey. The soil barren, excepting coal and turf, but well fitted for the growth of potatoes. Towns—Capital LANCASTER, Manchester and Liverpool the two most flourishing in any county; most of the other towns are distinguished for manufactures; Preston, where the rebels laid down their arms in 1745, Wigan, Warrington, Boston, Rochdale, and Prescot. This county is greatly benefited by canals, especially by that of the Duke of Bridgewater's, which is a most wonderful effort of human industry.

Thus endeth the sketch of the six northern counties.

Four Counties bordering on Wales.

CHESHIRE.

Length 30 miles, breadth 40 miles, generally flat, but a ridge of high ground crosses it from north to south over Delamere forest; the waste ground to the cultivated not above one eleventh, interspersed with small lakes called meres. Rivers—Dee, venerated by our ancestors, Weever, Mersey. Its two commodities are, salt and cheese; as to salt, it is to be found in Nantwich, Middlewich, and Northwich. The annual duty is even 200,000l. The county is crossed by many canals, particularly by that of the Duke of Bridgwater. Capital CHESTER, a singular place, with the streets hollowed out of a rock, and a covered portico for foot passengers. Towns — Stockport, Macclesfield, and Congleton. The village of Parkgate, near the mouth of the Dee, is a well known place of passage between this kingdom and Ireland.

SHROPSHIRE, OR THE COUNTY OF SALOP.

Length 50 miles, breadth 40 miles, divided into two equal parts by the Severn, and contains a noted mountain called Wrekin. Here is a great variety of soil, and much of the cheese, commonly called Cheshire, is made in this county. Colebrook Dale, on the Severn, the largest iron works in England, and there is here a curious bridge made of cast iron. Capital SHREWSBURY, round which the Severn flows in the form of a horse shoe; a great mart for Welch flannels, sent to America and Flanders. Towns—Bridgenorth, Oswestry, Ellesmere, and Ludlow, in which castle Milton's incomparable Masque of Comus was first represented. Events.—Near Shrewsbury was fought, 1400, a bloody battle between Henry IV. and Percy, surnamed Hotspur, in which the latter was defeated and slain.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Length 36 miles, breadth 36 miles. Rivers—Wye, Lug, and Munno. The two products for which this county is famous, are cyder and wool; also wheat and hops. Capital, HEREFORD. Towns—Ross, famous for Mr. Kyrle, Pope's Man of Ross; Leominster and Ledbury, near the Malvern Hills, where there is a fine spring of medicinal water.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Length 24 miles, breadth 20 miles, formerly reckoned a Welch county, now in England only because in the Oxford circuit. The river Usk divides it into two unequal parts; the eastern more fertile and the west more mountainous. Capital MONMOUTH. Towns—Chepstow, where the tide rises to a great height; Abergavenny, near which is a ragged mountain, supposed to be rent at the crucifixion of our Saviour; Usk, which has a fishery for salmon; Caerleon, once the second place in the kingdom; Newport, a pretty seaport, and Ponty-pool, famous for iron works and the Japan manufactory. Events—Henry V. born at Monmouth; Tintern Abbey, old and highly picturesque; also Ragland Castle, which held out for Charles I. under the Marquis of Worcester, to the very end of the Civil Wars.

The Twelve Midland Counties.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Length 50 miles, breadth 20 miles; full of noblemen's seats. Rivers—The noble Trent, subject to great floods, and the Idle. Divided into three or four parallel districts. Here is the forest of Sherwood, the scene of Robin Hood and Little John; also the beautiful vale of Belvoir. The county is famous for bread and beer,

Towns—Capital NOTTINGHAM, famous for stockings; Mansfield, Sutton, Newark, Stoke, Beacon-hill, and Worksop. Events—Charles I. first set up his standard at Nottingham, he also gave himself up to the Scotch army at Newark, where the inglorious king John died; and at Stoke, near Newark, the earl of Lincoln rebelling against Henry VII. in favour of the impostor Simnel, was routed and slain, 1487.

DERBYSHIRE.

Length 50 miles, breadth 38 miles. Northern chain of hills terminate here, in which are the famous wonders of the Peak. Products—Lime, iron, coal, marble, and spars, also cheese and camomile flowers. Rivers—Derwent, Dove, and the Trent. Towns—Capital DERBY, famous for its large silk mills; Chesterfield, Ashborn, Cromford, Buxton, famous for its baths; as is also Matlock and Keddleston near Derby has sulphureous water for scorbutic disorders. At Quarndon also is a fine chalybeat spring. Events—The rebels, in the year 1745, penetrated England as far as Derby.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Length 55 miles, breadth 24 miles. An hilly country, and gives rise to many streams; such as the Trent, Dove, and the Churnel, also the Sow, Penk, and Stour. Products—Coal, potteries, in a line of villages ten miles long, and also iron works. Full of canals. Towns—Capital STAFFORD, Litchfield, Burton, Newcastle-under-Line, and Leek. Events—At Blore-heath, the party of York, under the Earl of Salisbury, defeated the Lancastrians, and at Hopton-heath, near Stafford, was a hot skirmish, in which Charles I. gained the advantage, though with the loss of their commander the Earl of Northampton.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Length 35 miles, breadth 45 miles. Rivers—The Soar. The county is famous for pasture, cattle, and black horses; also much cheese, and the rich kind called Stilton, is made in the villages round Melton Mowbray. Capital LEICESTER, famous for the stocking manufactory; the town suffered much in the Civil Wars of Charles I. In an abbey near this town Cardinal Wolsey died, as is most pathetically described by Shakespeare. Towns—Hinkley, Loughborough, Lutterworth, memorable for having been the residence of the English reformer Wickliffe, Melton Mowbray, and Market Bosworth, near which the bloody Richard III. lost his crown and life together, valiantly fighting against the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Length 15 miles, breadth 12 miles. Rutland or Redland has a pure air, a fertile soil, and a varied surface. Products are chiefly corn and sheep; it is remarkable for three things, thus expressed by the ancient poet Drayton,

> Small shire, that can produce to thy proportion good,
> One *vale* of special name, one *forest*, and one *flood!*

The *vale* is Catmose, the little *river* Guash, and the *forest* of Liffield. Towns—Capital OKEHAM and Uppingham. This county has no manufacture of consequence, and is the least in the kingdom.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Length 60 miles, breadth 20 miles. It has more surrounding counties than any other in the kingdom; full of noblemen's seats, and use to abound in forests. Rivers—The principal is the Nine or Nen. Products

—famous for grazing land, sheep, black horses, and horned cattle. Towns—Capital NORTHAMPTON, Daventry, Wellingborough, Kettering, Thrapston, and Oundle, and the small city of Peterborough. Events—Near Northampton was fought a battle, 1460, between Henry VI. and the Yorkists, the former defeated; and near the same place is Queen's Cross, erected by Edward I. to the memory of his beloved Queen Eleanor; at Fotheringay Castle, near Oundle, was executed Mary Queen of Scots, 1586. But the most important event was the battle, 1645, at Naseby, between Charles I. and the Parliament, commanded by Fairfax, Charles being here defeated and ruined.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Length 50 miles, breadth 32 miles. It is the most central in the kingdom, divided into two portions. The northern and largest very woody; the southern a champaign and cultivated country. Rivers—Avon, Tame, and Leam. Towns—Capital WARWICK, Coventry, a joint bishopric with Litchfield, also famous for ribbons; Birmingham, the toy-shop of all Europe; and Stratford upon Avon where Shakespeare was born. Events—Near Edge Hills was fought, 1642, the first pitched battle, but indecisive, between Charles I. and the Parliament. At Dunsmore Heath is the scene of some of the stories of Guy Earl of Warwick; and at Kenelworth Castle Queen Elizabeth was entertained with great splendour by her favourite, Dudley Earl of Leicester.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Length 30 miles, breadth 20 miles. The river Severn runs through its whole length, with various streams falling into it. Hills—The Lickey in the north, Aberley in the west, Malvern in the south west, and Bredon in the south east. Vales—That through

which the Severn runs is very fine; and another is that of Evesham, famous for fertility and beauty. Products —Wool, hops, cyder, and perry, the latter in great reputation. Towns—Capital WORCESTER, a large and handsome city; Dudley, Stourbridge, Bewdley, Kidderminster, famous for its rich carpets, and Stourport, risen from the meeting of the canals. Events—In Evesham Vale fell Simon de Montford, under the arms of Prince Edward, son of Henry III. in the Baron's Wars; and near Worcester, Cromwell, 1651, defeated Charles II. who, after having hid himself in an *Oak*, escaped out of the country, but with great difficulty.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Length 60 miles, Breadth 26 miles. Rivers—Severn, which divides it into two unequal parts; Wye, and the Avon. Divided into three districts; the eastern, called Cotswold; the middle very fertile; and the western, containing the Forest of Dean, once the chief support of the English navy, and which, it is said, the armada was to destroy. Products—Woollen cloth, cheese, iron, coal, cyder, especially the Styre, in great esteem. Towns—Capital GLOUCESTER, Tewkesbury, Cheltenham, famous for its chalybeat spring, Stroud, Cirencester, near which is Lord Bathurst's seat, the companion of Pope, and but lately dead, and Tetbury. Events—Near Tewkesbury the Lancastrians were defeated, 1471, and Prince Edward was butchered in cold blood after the engagement. At Berkeley Castle Edward II. was murdered, and to which Gray alludes in his Bard. In this county, also, are the rocks of St. Vincent, famous for the Bristol stones, and the Hot Wells near Bristol, very efficacious in consumptions.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Length 48 miles, breadth 26 miles. Rivers — Thames, running along the southern side, into which run the Windrush, Evenlode, Cherwell, and the Tame, supposed to have derived its name from the Thames. Products are chiefly those common to the midland farming counties. City of OXFORD containing the largest of the two universities; it consists of twenty-five colleges and halls, and is supposed to have been founded by Alfred. Towns — Witney, Woodstock, Banbury, and Henley. Events—Charles I. held his parliament at Oxford during the Civil Wars; and at Chalgrave, 1643, John Hampden, that great patriot, lost his life. Near Woodstock was formerly a park, in which Henry II. concealed fair Rosamond in a labyrinth, where now is the magnificent seat of Blenheim, a gift of the parliament to the Duke of Marlborough, for his victory over the French at Blenheim in Germany, 1703; and near Banbury, 1469, the Lancastrians defeated the Yorkists, and made Edward IV. prisoner.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Length 50 miles, breadth 16 miles. In the southern part are the Chiltern hills, and beyond these the rich Vale of Aylesbury. Rivers—The Thames, bordering its whole southern side, the Ouse, and the Tame. Products—Barley, grazing of cattle, feeding of sheep, making of butter, fine wheat, and the wood of the hills, chiefly beech, a considerable article of profit, both as fuel and timber. Towns—Capital BUCKINGHAM, a decayed place; Aylesbury, the most populous town in the county; Newport Pagnel, famous for bone lace; and the village of Eton, opposite to Windsor, is distinguished by its college, or public school, founded by Henry VI. and the greatest institution of the kind in the kingdom.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Length 35 miles, breadth 26 miles, varied with small hills and vallies, and few extensive level tracts. Abounds with parks about the seats of noblemen, and a large proportion of open or common fields, a great discouragement to agricultural improvements. Rivers—Ouse and Iver. Products—Corn, butter, and garden-stuff. Towns—Capital BEDFORD, which has a famous charity. Wooburn, near which is dug fuller's earth; Dunstable, famous for straw hats, baskets, and toys; and Ampthill, noted for having been the residence of Catharine, wife of Henry VIII. during the time her unjust divorce was in agitation.

Eight Eastern Counties.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Length 70 miles, breadth 45 miles, divided into three districts, Lindsey, Kesteven, and Holland, the last of which contains the fens or marshes, which produce large quantities of water fowl, and rushes for thatching. Products are grain, oats, hemp, and flax; distinguished also as a grazing county for horses, horned cattle, and sheep of the largest breed. Its sea ports are choked up with sand, therefore decayed. Towns Capital LINCOLN; Boston, its tower steeple most lofty and elegant, also a noted sea mark; Gainsborough, Louth, Horncastle, Stamford, Spalding, and Crowland, where are the remains of a very celebrated abbey. Remarkable things—from Lincoln there is a navigable canal called Fossdike, cut by Henry I. having a communication with the Trent, and still highly useful; and the great arm of the sea, called the Wash, is passable

at low water; it has quicksands, where king John, in the Barons' Wars, lost all his carriages and camp equipage, with many men. Rivers—Trent, Witham, Ankam, and Glean.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Length 24 miles, breadth 24 miles. It has three varieties. South-eastern, on the borders of the Ouse, fertile and beautiful; middle and western fruitful in corn and woods, formerly a forest fit for the chase, hence the name of the county; lastly, the north-eastern part full of fens, and containing a lake of some size, called Whittleseameer. Products, a farming county. Towns—HUNTINGDON, the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell; Godmanchester, a large village, noted from ancient times for its wealthy farmers; St. Ives, St. Neots, Ramsey, where was a rich abbey, built like that of Crowland, in the midst of a bog, for abbeys were built here for security from the difficulty of approach, and for the plenty of fish for their holy-days; Kimbolton castle, where Catharine, the divorced wife of Henry VIII. ended her days; and Stilton gives it name to a cheese really made at Melton-mowbray, in Leicestershire.

CAMBRIDGSHIRE.

Length 50 miles, breadth 25 miles, divided into two parts by the Ouse; the northerly part is the Isle of Ely, full of fens, and its principal drains are the Bedford old and new rivers; south-western, watered by the Cam, producing barley; south-eastern part open and healthy, full of sheep walks. Capital CAMBRIDGE, whose university contains sixteen colleges and halls, and has produced many eminent men. Towns—City of Ely, the last place that submitted to William the Conqueror: Wisbeach and Newmarket, partly in this

county and partly in Suffolk, most celebrated for horse races, for which its extensive and finely turfed heath is peculiarly adapted; Charles II. built a seat here for the sake of this diversion.

NORFOLK.

Length 45 miles, breadth 70 miles; a little varied, not a single hill of height in the whole county, yet broken into gentle swells and depressions. Products are barley, flour, malt, turnips, cattle, and butter. Rivers—Great and Little Ouse, Nen, Waveney, Yare, and the Bure; out of these are formed shallow lakes, called broads, plentifully stored with fish and waterfowls. This county is one of the best peopled tracts in England. Towns — NORWICH, ancient and populous; Yarmouth, a large seaport, famous for mackerel and herrings, it is also a place for sea-bathing, and on its coast are the dangerous Yarmouth Roads; Lynn, or King's Lynn, and Thetford, once a bishopric, now an inconsiderable town. Events—On Mousehold Heath, near Norwich, the oppressed peasants, headed by Kett, in the time of Edward VI. were defeated with great slaughter.

SUFFOLK.

Length 30 miles, breadth 58 miles. Soil divided into three parts. The sea-coast barren and sandy; the internal and largest part fertile, but produces the worst cheese in England; north-west, wide tract of barren heath. Products are turnips, draught horses, cows, and sheep. Rivers—Deben and Larke. Towns—IPSWICH, well inhabited but irregularly built, and of great antiquity; Woodbridge, Lowestoffe, the most easterly part of Great Britain, and famous for its fisheries, and the handsome town of St. Edmundsbury. Events—Suffolk, one of the first seats of the Flemings brought

over by Edward III. to teach the English the art of manufacturing their own wool at Sudbury; in Soalbay was the great naval fight, 1672, between the Dutchman De Ruyter and the Duke of York, victory undecided; and at St. Edmund's Bury are the fine remains of a once extremely wealthy abbey.

ESSEX.

Length 48 miles, breadth 54 miles; very flat. Products are butter and pork from Epping Forest, saffron from Saffron Walden and its vicinity; treble crop of coriander, carraway, and teazle, and fine pasturage. Rivers—Coln, at the mouth of which are the famous Colchester oysters; Black-water, Chelmer, Crouch, and the Roddon. Towns—Capital CHELMSFORD, Harwich, from which the packets sail for Holland; Colchester, of great antiquity, and affords many relics of former grandeur; also Bocking, Braintree, and Coggleshall. Events—Colchester underwent an obstinate siege, 1648, for Charles I. against the parliament, the gallant leaders of which, on its surrender, were executed. Various actions with the Danes happened in this county, particularly one near Rochford, in which king Edmund Ironside was defeated with great slaughter by Canute; and at Tilbury Fort, opposite Gravesend, Queen Elizabeth reviewed the army she had assembled to oppose the famous Spanish Armada, 1588; the fort is the principal protection of the Thames; a tunnel under the bed of the Thames is now in contemplation, by which subterraneous road the counties of Essex and Kent will be joined.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Length 25 miles, breadth 35 miles. Northern part hilly, soil inclined to hardness, and not abundantly rich, but with the aid of culture extremely favourable

to corn; both wheat and barley. Rivers—Principal Lea and Coln. Full of seats and remains of antiquity. Products—Corn and the malting trade. Towns—HERTFORD the capital, a place of but little consequence; Royston, famous for its crows, called the hooded or grey crows, being birds of passage; St. Alban's, an ancient town, famous for its abbey church, which is a venerable edifice of vast magnitude, and Welwyn, the abode of the celebrated Dr. Young. Events—Close to St. Alban's are the vestiges of the ancient town of Verulam, so considerable in the time of the Romans; near St. Alban's also were two battles fought, one, 1455, in favour of the Yorkists, and the other, 1461, in favour of the Lancastrians; and the field of Barnet, between St. Alban's and London, was a bloody battle between these two houses in favour of Edward IV. his great foe, the king-making Earl of Warwick, being there slain. It was fought on Easter day, in the year 1471.

MIDDLESEX.

Length 17 miles, breadth 22 miles, bounded on three sides by rivers; the Thames on the south, the Coln on the West, and the Lea on the east; naturally barren, but vastly improved by culture; the barren tracts, however, of Hounslow Heath, Finchley Common, and Enfield Chace, occupy a large part. Products—Meadow and pasturage, also nurseries, gardens, and pleasure grounds. Rivers—Besides the three already mentioned, is the New River, artificially brought from Ware in Hertfordshire, supplying London with water. Towns—the united cities of LONDON and WESTMINSTER. LONDON unites in itself all the benefits arising from navigation and commerce, and has manufactories peculiar to itself in silk weaving, established in Spitalfields by refugees from France; in gold, silver,

and jewelry; in the engraving of prints; in the making of optical and mathematical instruments, and in the porter brewery. LONDON contains but few palaces, but many good houses; in St. Paul's Church, the Bank, Somerset Buildings, and the two bridges, are united grandeur and beauty; the other towns are Brentford, where Charles I. retired after the battle of Edgehill; Hampton Court, where is a palace built by Cardinal Wolsey, and a favourite residence of King William, but now almost deserted. Kensington, remarkable for its gardens and royal palaces, where King William III. died; and Chelsea, distinguished by its spacious hospital for superannuated and disabled soldiers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NO DEDICATION OF A WORK.

BY HOGARTH.

NOT dedicated to any prince in Christendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of arrogance. Not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it might be thought too assuming. Not dedicated to any learned body of men, as either of the Universities or the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity Nor dedicated to any one particular friend, for fear of offending another. Therefore dedicated to nobody; but if for *once* one may suppose nobody to be every body, as every body is said to be nobody, then is this work dedicated to every body:

By their most humble and devoted,

W. HOGARTH.

A

TOUR INTO SEVERAL PARTS

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES,

DURING THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, 1800.

In Four Letters to a Pupil.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus ad tumulum.——

VIRGIL

LETTER III*.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

HAVING conducted you through the recesses of Derbyshire in my last letter, I will now begin with a sketch of *Nottingham*, and then beg you patiently to accompany me in my route across the country down to Pontypool, in the principality of Wales.

NOTTINGHAM is a handsome and populous town, situated pleasantly on the north side of the river Trent. Its origin is not certainly known, but from a variety of circumstances it is, at least, as old as any place in the kingdom. At present it is of considerable extent, the streets also being broad, open, and well paved. It is re-

* The author will thank the reader to turn to the beginning of the former Letter, and expunge the epithet *straggling*, which is there, by mistake, applied to Mount Sorrel. This town, indeed, consists of only one street, near a mile in length, but it is compact from one end of it to the other.

markable that the whole town is in a manner undermined with caverns of an amazing depth, so that it is even questioned whether all the buildings spread over the surface of the rock on which it stands would fill up the vacancies beneath. Hence the cellars cut in the rock are frequently as deep as the highest houses! In these subterraneous recesses is kept the *fine Nottingham ale*, the invigorating and cheering qualities of which have long rendered it famous throughout the kingdom!

In this town are three parish churches. St. Mary's is in the form of a cathedral, and has a grand appearance from almost every part of the surrounding country. The church is decorated by various monuments; those costly emblems of our mortality.

The dissenters here are numerous, and have several places of worship. That on the High-pavement is spacious, and some of the first families in the town belong to it. It is likewise ancient, and part of its interior bears a reference to those unhappy times in the reign of the Stuarts, when conscientious individuals suffered for their nonconformity. May the existence of such a period never again darken and disgrace the annals of Britain! The principal market-place is one of the largest and best supplied in England.

A vast quantity of stockings is made in this town, and the *whizzing* of the frames, which issues from every quarter, as you walk along the streets, gives rise to singular emotions. At first it reminds you of some animal indignantly hissing at the passing stranger; but when explained to you it forms a pleasing indication of that industry by which thousands are comfortably supported. Such a recollection is highly grateful to our sensibility.

The town-hall is a noble edifice, supported by pillars in the Tuscan order. The sessions and assizes are held here, but it is said that this edifice owes its existence to an accident. The story stands thus. In the reign of

George the first, Powis, one of the justices of the King's Bench, being here on the assizes, was delivering his charge to the grand jury, when one of the beams gave way! All the people ran out of court, amongst whom was the sheriff, who took to his heels with the greatest expedition, crying out, "Will nobody take care of the judge?" Justice Powis, who was very aged and infirm, made a shift to hobble off the bench, and as soon as he found himself in safety, ordered the town to be fined in a considerable sum for not keeping the hall in proper repair. From that circumstance, and an absolute rule from the Court of King's Bench, the inhabitants were under the necessity of erecting the present structure, which is executed in so masterly a manner that there is no reason to fear the judges will be under a necessity of *hobbling* out on a similar occasion!

It only remains to notice the Castle, which presents a most singular appearance, being erected on the summit of a lofty rock. In the civil wars Charles the first set up his standand here, but it became afterwards a garrison for the parliament. Here is a passage called *Mortimer's Hole*, which was probably intended to relieve the castle with men and provisions, in case the town should be in possession of an enemy. The castle is encircled with a spacious green plat, from which you are gratified with a most delightful view of the country.

Close to Nottingham stands the spot over which *Sherwood Forest* once spread itself, and where ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN used to play their pranks, to the terror and diversion of the neighbourhood. The old and popular ballad is founded on some facts—though these facts are involved in great obscurity. As this tale used to amuse my childhood I have taken some pains to gather the following few particulars concerning it.

Robin Hood, or *Head*, (but more commonly known by the name of *Robin Hood*) was born somewhere in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry the Second, and is said to have been the son of a nobleman. But the most probable opinion is, that he was one of those youths who resented the inclosure of forests, and being proscribed by Richard the First, he raised a band of men, who, acting under his command, infested all the towns near Sherwood Forest, after robbing the passengers, but he never, except in his own defence, proceeded to acts of cruelty. He kept the different articles obtained by this illegitimate method till they amounted to a considerable quantity, when he exposed them to sale at a particular place on the borders of the forest. This mode of life he is thought to have followed many years. A great price was set upon his head, and many fruitless attempts were made to take him. At length falling ill, he went, in order to be taken better care of, to Birkleys, a nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let blood. The reward, however, being considerable, proved a temptation to the betraying of him, and instead of bleeding him as he desired they blooded him to death, about the latter end of the year 1395. Such are the particulars I have obtained, but shall say nothing respecting their credibility.

As to the song itself of Robin Hood and Little John, it has been much admired for its ancient but doggrel simplicity. The diverting manner in which ROBIN took in the *Sheriff of Nottingham* may be just mentioned by way of specimen. Robin one day purchased some meat, and in disguise carried it to Nottingham market, where he sold it at a very cheap rate. This attracted attention; the butchers invited him to a feast, and here he met the Sheriff of Nottingham. What after passed between them, take in the words of this ancient ballad:

Hast thou any horn'd beast, said the Sheriff,
Good fellow, to sell to me?
Yes, that I have good master sheriff,
I have hundred two or three,
And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it for to see,
And I'll make you as good assurance of it
As ever my father did me.
The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
And took *five hundred pounds* in gold,
And away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beast to behold.
Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forest of merry Sherwood;
Then the sheriff did say, God preserve us to-day
From a man called *Robin Hood!*
But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanc'd to spy
An hundred head of *good fat deer*
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh:
How like you my horned beasts, good master sheriff?
They be fat and fair to see:
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three,
Then quickly and anon there came Little John,
And all his company!
What is your will master, then said Little John,
I pray come tell to me?
I have brought hither the *Sheriff of Nottingham*,
This day to dine with thee.
He is welcome then to me, said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.
Then Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground,
And out of the sheriff's portmanteau he,
Soon told five hundred pound!

Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey,
O! have *me* commended to your wife at home,
So Robin went laughing away!

Leaving the populous town of Nottingham I visited *Ashby-de-la-Zouch* and *Tamworth*, in my way to Birmingham.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH is a tolerable town, and receives its name from the *Zouches*, its ancient lords, to distinguish it from another Ashby in this county, called Ashby Folvile. It consists of one open street, in which is a neat stone cross that has stood for ages. The town is populous, having a manufactory for stockings. The church is a handsome structure, and there is a meeting for Protestant Dissenters. It once had a famous castle in which James the first was entertained several days, during which time he was served at table by thirty poor knights clothed in scarlet gowns with golden chains. During the civil wars Charles the First placed a garrison in it; the parliament however besieged it and demolished the battlements, from which time it has fallen into oblivion.

TAMWORTH is an ancient town, in a low situation on the river Tame, which at once waters and supplies it with fish. As Offa, king of Mercia, had once a palace here, and a deep trench surrounds it, we may suppose that in the Saxon times it was both a place of importance and strength. It was plundered by the Danes, but recovered its grandeur previous to the conquest. The present church is a collegiate one, and possesses much beauty. The hospital built by Mr. Guy, founder of the celebrated hospital in London, is a noble building, and has its name from him. The town, which has a manufactory for needles, is populous, and amongst its inhabitants are a great many dissenters.

In passing through the country I was much delighted

with the appearance of the approaching harvest. For to use the expressions of a modern poet:

——————— How full of cheer,
Joyous, devout, and grateful is the soul,
To see again its *unexhausted* God
Thus pile the table of a world with bread!
For what's the globe on which we *all* subsist?
The table of immortal bounty 'tis,
A feast perpetual, where unnumbered sons
Sit down to banquet as their sires withdraw;
And in succession generations feed,
Contented, rise, give thanks, and pass away!

HURDIS.

Driving on about sixteen miles further, we reached BIRMINGHAM, which has been emphatically denominated the *toy-shop* of Europe. The town is of considerable extent, occupying a large space of ground. It is famous for its manufactures, consisting of all sorts of iron and steel ware, snuff-boxes, buckles, buttons, and a great variety of other articles, which are made here in such quantities that they not only supply London, and other capital places in the kingdom, but are also exported to most parts of the world! The town is situated on the side of a hill, and it is said was formerly called *Bermicham*, from a family of that name, who were great benefactors to it. The lower part of it consists of old houses, chiefly inhabited by the manufacturers, and from the innumerable forges constantly employed, is continually covered with a cloud of smoke. To use the elegant language of Virgil in one of his Eclogues—

Hic focus et tedæ pingues: hic plurimus ignis
Semper et assidua postes fuligine nigri!

Here glows the hearth, here pitchy pines and fire
Abound; here black with soot the lintels smoke!

The upper part however is handsome, containing a number of regular streets, and a large square of ele-

gant buildings. Here are two churches, one of which, in the lower part of the town, is an ancient structure, with a lofty spire. The other is a handsome modern edifice, erected in the reign of Queen Anne, and dedicated to St. Philip. It has a square stone tower adorned with a cupola above, which rises the turret. Within the tower is a fine peal of ten bells, and a set of musical chimes, which play seven different tunes, that is, one for each day of the week. This town was never incorporated, in consequence of which it is only governed by two constables and two bailiffs. Being open therefore for any person to come and settle there, this circumstance has not only contributed to the increase of the buildings, but to the advancement of trade. Indeed it has within the course of the present century attained to an astonishing degree of prosperity!

In the summer of the year 1791, the most disgraceful riots broke out in this town, and the outrages of the mob were directed for several days against the dissenters. The celebration of the French Revolution, on the 4th of July, by a few individuals, was made the pretext for these infamous transactions; some of the finest seats, belonging to the dissenters, in and about Birmingham, were plundered and then set on fire; the ruins of two still remain, and I beheld them with commiseration. Two meeting-houses also were destroyed, over one of which presided the celebrated Dr. Priestley, who escaping with his life sought refuge in the metropolis. His house and invaluable philosophic apparatus also were consigned to the flames with savage fury. That *such* scenes should take place in Britain at the close of the *eighteenth century*, must be ascribed to the implacable malignity of bigotry and superstition. On the walls of one of the ruined houses I saw written with chalk these memorable words—*A lasting shame to Birmingham!* a compensation how-

ever, though inadequate, was made to the sufferers, and some of the rioters were executed.

Whatever may be thought by different persons concerning the political or religious principles of Dr. Priestley, certain it is, that those who *know* him best, declare that he is one of the most peaceable and unoffending of mankind. The boldness of his opinions, and the firmness with which he adheres to them, ought surely to form no just reason why he should be abandoned to the lawless ravages of persecution. To adopt the words of Mr. Hall of Cambridge, respecting him: "I should be sorry to suffer *any difference of sentiment* to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. From *him* the poisoned arrow will fall pointless. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period when the greater part of those who have favoured, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence the luminary which they cannot hide!"

In the burying ground close to one of the meeting-houses which were destroyed during the riots, lie interred the remains of the ingenious and learned Robert Robinson, of Cambridge. He came on a visit to Birmingham, in the summer of the year 1790, and here, in the 55th year of his age, died suddenly, and alone in his bed, at midnight. He had wished for instantaneous dissolution, and his wish was gratified. He was in many respects an extraordinary man. He rose to great eminence, not only by the attracting simplicity

of his pulpit eloquence, but by the variety and ingenuity of his theological productions.

It is remarkable that this zealous advocate for civil and religious liberty should have been interred in the very spot over which, in the course of a twelvemonth after, were acted scenes of the most disgustful and outrageous bigotry. Could *Robinson* have arisen from his peaceful grave, and addressed these sons of plunder employed in the demolition of the adjoining place of worship, he might, with exquisite propriety, have made this exclamation, taken from his *Village Sermons*:—"How is it that men, CHRISTIAN MEN too, can see one another's sicknesses, and hear of one another's misfortunes, without any emotions of anger, and with all the feelings of humanity and pity that christians ought to have for one another, and that they cannot bear to hear a conscientious man avow sentiments different from their own, without a *red resentment*, that like a hot thunder-bolt hisses and wounds, and kills where it falls? No; it is not justice, it is not prudence, it is not humanity, it is not benevolence, it is not zeal for these dispositions, it seems as if it were the explosion of an infected heart, where the milk of human kindness never flowed. If such emotions can proceed from christians, we must suppose what we are loth to think, that in that some christians are in some unhappy moments divested of all the principles of their holy religion, and actuated by the dispositions of the most ignorant and cruel of mankind. But say they, though *we* receive no injury, yet GOD is dishonoured. Ah! is God dishonoured? Imitate his conduct then; does he thunder, does he lighten, does he afflict this poor man? Behold his sun enlightens his habitation, his rain refreshes his fields, his gentle breeze fans and animates him every day, his revelation lies always open before him, his throne of mercy is ever accessible to him, and will *you*, rash christian, will *you* mark him out for VENGEANCE? I repeat it again,

imitate your heavenly father, and at least suspend your anger till that day when *the Lord will make manifest the counsels of men's hearts, and then shall every man have praise of God!*"

Could ROBINSON, I say, have started from his tomb on this lamentable occasion, and could the rioters have listened for a moment to these his impressive accents, they would surely have desisted from their infernal devastations, shrinking back ashamed and confounded to their several habitations. The voice proceeding from the lips of truth commands attention, and operates with an irresistible energy. It silences the clamours of ignorance, and subdues the tumults of passion. It awakens the tenderest emotions, and incites to the mild deeds of virtue and of humanity.

Wishing to bring with me from *Birmingham* some memorial of human ingenuity, for the display of which the place is distinguished throughout the world, I entered a principal shop, and after having looked over various little articles, purchased a handsome medal of the great WASHINGTON. Individuals who knew him pronounced the impression a striking likeness. Round the profile are these words, GEORGE WASHINGTON, OB. 14 DEC. 1799, Æ. 68. On the reverse is the figure of *Fame* with her trumpet, having this inscription encircled with oak and laurel, EMANCIPATOR OF AMERICA. This real patriot, considered either in his military or legislative capacity, possesses a degree of merit which surpasses my feeble powers of commendation. His prudence and fortitude throughout the American war, his wisdom and moderation during the period of his presidency, to which he was twice elected, together with his determined firmness on a recent occasion in preserving peace with this country, entitle him to the reverence and gratitude of succeeding generations. On this account I honour and esteem his character, and for these reasons the account of his illness, death, and interment,

in the American prints, was particularly affecting and impressive.

Sweet PEACE! do thou *his* relics keep,
With olives blooming round thy head;
And stretch thy wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade!

Stand on the pile immortal fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe;
Thy thousand voices sound his name,
In silver accents round the globe!

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forky tongue!

Night and the grave remove your gloom,
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But glory bids the patriot tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade!

GLORY with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse *his* urn,
To aid the triumphs of the day!

WATTS.

Birmingham stands in the county of Warwick, and I must not quit these parts without mentioning that it was *this county* gave birth to our incomparable SHAKSPEARE! He was born April 16, 1564, at Stratford on Avon, about 20 miles from Birmingham, and his monument is still to be seen in its church, informing us that he died in 1616, at this his native town. Here, on the 6th of September, 1769, a curious JUBILEE was performed in honour of SHAKSPEARE, in which the late celebrated Mr. Garrick bore a distinguished part. Great preparations were made on the occasion. The poet's bust over his monument in the church was crowned with bays. The town-hall was ornamented at one end with a good

picture of Shakspeare, in the attitude of inspiration, and at the other with a copy of Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick. Its five windows were ornamented with the following transparent paintings on silk—the *Genius of Shakspeare*, *King Lear*, *Falstaff*, *Pistol*, and *Caliban!* without the town was erected an elegant amphitheatre, supported by a circular colonade of columns of the Corinthian order. A part of the room was taken up with an orchestra for the music, and it was illuminated by a chandelier of 800 lights hanging from the centre of the roof. Great numbers of nobility and gentry attended on this occasion. The *jubilee* began with a song in honour of Shakspeare, performed in the streets early in the morning. The company breakfasted in the town-hall, before which drums and fifes played favourite marches; from thence they proceeded to the church, where the oratorio of Judith was admirably performed. At three the company went to the amphitheatre, where they dined, and after a bumper drank to Mr. Garrick, and to the memory of Shakspeare (which last was accompanied with three huzzas) the performers in the orchestra sung catches and glees, while the company joined in the chorus. After this was sung the old song *God save the King*, in which the whole company joined, and the evening concluded with a ball Unfortunately the next morning proving wet prevented a grand procession, which was intended to have been made to the amphitheatre. They, however, repaired thither at noon, when an ode, written by Mr. Garrick, and adapted to the occasion, was performed. The music was composed by Dr. Arne, and the recitative parts were spoken by Mr. Garrick in such a manner as gave the highest surprise and pleasure. This being over, Mr. King, the comedian, in the character of an ambassador from the society of the Macaroni, with great humour attacked the character of Shakespeare; after which Mr. Garrick addressed the ladies in a poetic speech, compli-

menting them on the respect they had always shewn to the immortal bard. In the evening were displayed some curious fireworks, though the badness of the weather spoiled their effect; and the whole was concluded by a masquerade, which lasted till between six and seven in the morning. The whole company assembled on the occasion is said to have amounted to about 800 to breakfast, 1500 at dinner, and about 2000 at the oratorio, ball, and masquerade! It is to be regretted that the weather served greatly to abridge these commemorative diversions.

SHAKSPEARE will always continue to maintain his empire over the human mind, by his exquisite skill in imitating the language of the passions. Here his triumphs are unrivalled; and Pope beautifully pronounces him to be the *organ* through which nature speaks *directly* to the heart. "The genius of Shakspeare is in this respect unlimited. Possessing extreme sensibility, and uncommonly susceptible, he is the Proteus of the Drama; he changes himself into every character, and enters easily into every condition of human nature."

O youth and virgins! O declining old!
O pale misfortune's slaves! O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet! ye who wait
In courts, and fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of sport and pleasure! O thou wretch
That weeps jealous love, and the sore wound
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
That left thee void of hope! O ye who mourn
In exile! Ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend the leaders of a public cause!
Hath not *his* faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your *own* estate,
The *secrets* of your bosom?

AKENSIDE.

You will pardon me, my young friend, for this di-

gression; being in my tour so near the native place of our immortal poet, to say something concerning the spot was a temptation too strong to be resisted. *You* who have often, in the course of your studies, recited several of his passages with rapture, will cheerfully unite with me in paying this little token of respect to his memory.

Setting off in the mail about five in the afternoon from Birmingham, I passed through *Bromsgrove*, *Droitwich*, and *Worcester*, to *Gloucester*. Each of these places will require a detail, which shall be given with brevity.

BROMSGROVE is a small town, seated on the river Salwarp, with about 400 houses. It carries on a considerable trade in clothing, and has a good market for cattle, corn, and all sorts of provisions.

DROITWICH is a place of antiquity, and noted for its *salt-pits*, which bring in considerable sums of money. It is a small town with few inhabitants. The pits were formerly many, and were even known in the reign of Alfred the Great; but their number is at present much diminished.

WORCESTER is a pleasing city, standing on the Severn; its streets are spacious, the buildings handsome, and many of its inhabitants rank among the higher classes of society. It has a grand cathedral and nine parish churches, besides meeting-houses for the several denominations of protestant dissenters.—The cathedral was repaired and beautified in the year 1752, at which time the workmen, on taking off the top of a tomb (the inscription of which was obliterated except the date, 1296) found the bones of a corpse firm, and most of them adhering together, in the same posture as when interred, and about the skull and shoulders appeared something like a coarse sacking or sackcloth quite fresh. The body of King John also having been buried here, was of late years found in a state of high preservation. With respect to the

churches, the spire of St. Nicholas deservedly attracts attention, and in its parish is a free school, founded by Henry the Eighth, which has produced many excellent scholars. In the High-street, which is broad, stands the guildhall, a stately structure, decorated by the statue of Justice, holding aloft her scales of rigorous impartiality! In this city there is a considerable mart for hops; and here is a manufactory of china much esteemed, in which great numbers of hands are employed. Here is likewise a capital Infirmary supported by voluntary contributions; and many charity schools—by such valuable institutions the community cannot fail of being essentially benefitted.

The most remarkable event that ever happened in this city, was the famous battle between the English, under the command of Oliver Cromwell, and the Scotch who had taken up arms in defence of Charles the Second. Cromwell encamped within a mile of the town, having first detached General Lambert with some forces to the opposite side of the river, which obliged Charles to weaken his army by sending his men to oppose Lambert. While these two detachments were engaged, Cromwell attacked the royalists at both ends of the city, and the engagement continued for hours with great fury. The Scotch, commanded by the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Middleton, fought with uncommon bravery, but both of these noblemen having been wounded, and most of their men killed, a sudden fear seized the rest of them, and a most dreadful slaughter ensued. The king endeavoured to bring them once more to renew the charge, but his efforts were vain. The foot finding themselves deserted by the horsemen, were filled with such terror that they stood motionless, whilst upwards of 2000 were killed on the spot, and above 8000 taken prisoners, most of whom were sold as slaves to the American Colonies. The relentless Cromwell ordered his men to level the walls of the city to the ground. The

king in the meantime escaping throught the gate of St. Martin, sought safety by flight. He first dressed himself in the habit of a peasant, and in that disguise travelled through several parts of the kingdom, being frequently in danger of being seized by his enemies, especially as a price was set upon his head. The better to elude the search of his pursuers, he spent a whole day in a *tufted oak*, at Boscobel, in Staffordshire, thence called the ROYAL OAK, where he saw pass under him some persons on horseback, who expressed, in his hearing, their earnest wishes that he might fall into their hands. At one time he was detected by the sagacity of a smith, who remarked that his horse-shoes had been made in the north, not in the west, as he pretended; and he very narrowly escaped. At another time he was discovered by one Pope, the butler of a family, where he happened to come as servant to a visitor, but Charles made the butler promise that he would keep the secret from every mortal, even from his master, and he was as good as his word. At last, after a concealment of *forty-one* days, he embarked in a vessel at Shoreham, in Sussex, and landed safely at Fescamp, in Normandy. He remained in this state of exile till the 29th of May, 1660, when he was *restored* to the throne of these kingdoms.—The above anecdote shews the reason why *oak* is still worn in the hat on the 29th of May, as commemorative of the restoration.

Worcestershire altogether is a beautiful county, variegated by hill and dale, and exhibiting all the gay bloom of fertility:

> ————How beauteous lies the vale below,
> Checquer'd with various harvest, light and shade;
> As o'er it sails the unnumber'd cloud of heaven!
> How whispers as it stoops the blooming ear
> Of the tall wheat field slenderly erect,
> And bows obsequious to the passing gale!

It seems a troubled sea that swells and rolls,
And pours its green wave merrily along;
Or up the steep or down the smiling slope,
Or o'er the plain or through the valley's lap!

HURDIS.

Leaving Worcester we passed on through *Tewksbury* to GLOUCESTER.

TEWKESBURY is a large populous town, with a fine gothic structure for its church; on the west end are two turrets, and the great tower in the middle has a ring of exceedingly musical bells. The place was considerable even in the Heptarchy, as appears from its stately abbey, founded about the beginning of the eighth century, by two brothers, Saxon noblemen, as an atonement for some horrid crimes which they had committed. A terrible battle was fought here, May 10th, 1471; thousands fell victims at the shrine of ambition on this bloody day!

As we were quitting Tewksbury, near midnight, the moon burst upon us from beneath the linings of a silvery cloud, and with its gentle beams flung an interesting beauty over the surrounding scenery!

We soon reached GLOUCESTER, justly entitled by the Ancient Britons a *fair city*, for it is pleasantly situated on the Severn, which is navigable for small vessels even to the quay. In the course of our history it underwent various revolutions. At present it has four gates, and in the centre of the city the four great streets meet at right angles. A large reservoir in the vicinity sends forth its streams into four canals, for the convenient supply of the inhabitants. A spacious prison has been recently built on the plan of Howard, and is in general too fully inhabited. Here is an excellent grammar school, conducted with considerable ability. The Greek Grammar drawn up for the use of this seminary, possesses great merit in point of precision and accuracy. The cathedral is a lofty and

beautiful structure, with a fine tower, in which is an excellent ring of eight bells. Over the east end of the choir is a whispering gallery, which in the days of ignorance passed for a wonder; but it is now well known that certain architectural adjustments occasion this marvellous reverberation. Here is to be found the monument of that literary phænomenon Dr. WARBURTON, who was for many years bishop of this see; the following is the inscription drawn up by his most intimate friend Dr. Hurd, the present bishop of Worcester:

"To the memory of WILLIAM WARBURTON, D.D. for more than 19 years bishop of this see; a prelate of the most sublime genius and exquisite learning, both which talents he employed through a long life, in the support of what he firmly believed the CHRISTIAN RELIGION; and of what he esteemed the best establishment of it, the CHURCH OF ENGLAND. He was born at Newark-upon-Trent, Dec. 24, 1698; was consecrated bishop of Gloucester, Jan. 20, 1760; died at his palace in this city, June 7, 1779, and was buried near this place."

The abilities of bishop Warburton were undoubtedly gigantic, and his acquirements of a superior kind.—But the superciliousness with which he treated his adversaries created him many enemies, and left an unfavourable impression on the mind of the public. In his correspondence with Dr. Doddridge, he appears in an amiable point of view. Speaking in one of his letters to that excellent man, of the variations to which human life is subjected, he has this curious observation:—"I do the best I can, and should, I think, do the same if I were a mere Pagan, to make life passable. To be always lamenting the miseries of it, or always seeking after the pleasures of it, equally takes us off from the work of our salvation. And though I be extremely cautious what sect I follow in religion, yet any in philosophy will serve my turn, and honest San-

cho Panca's is as good as any; who on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master whether he should mark the day with a *black* or a *white* stone—replied, faith, Sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with *good brown ochre!* What this philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general, *good brown ochre* is the complection of it."

It was Gloucester that produced *George Whitfield*, the celebrated preacher among the methodists. He was born here, at the Bell inn, which his father kept in the year 1714, and officiated here as waiter for several years. Discovering, however, a religious turn, and considerable talents for public speaking, he was brought forward and ordained by Dr. Benson, bishop of Gloucester. His preaching in the open air, for which his voice was admirably fitted, drew immense multitudes, who heard him with surprise and astonishment. He travelled several times through the kingdom; crossed over to America repeatedly, where he closed his eyes, at Newbury, near Boston, in the year 1770. His incessant pulpit exertions, though strongly marked by eccentricity, were of service to the lower classes of the community.

A few miles to the north-east of Gloucester lies the little town of *Cheltenham*, famous only for its mineral waters. It is in the county of Gloucester that the noble river THAMES takes its rise, from a small spring not far from Cirencester:

> Thames the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons,
> By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
> Hastening to pay his tribute to the sea,
> Like mortal life to meet eternity!

From Gloucester the nearest way to Pontypool is through *Ross*, *Monmouth*, and *Usk*; places of no great note, but entitled to some attention.

ROSS is an old town, pleasantly situated on the banks

of the Wye. The air is healthy, and the neighbouring fields fertile and delightful. The houses are in general well built, and the place, for the size, tolerably populous. The only remarkable buildings are two charity schools, supported by voluntary subscriptions. In this town lived Pope's famous character, whose charities the poet has delineated with his peculiar felicity:

But *all* our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows;
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven directed spire to rise?
The MAN of ROSS, each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'er spread,
The MAN of ROSS divides the daily bread;
He feeds yon alms-house neat but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
He portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest;
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends the med'cine, makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks, with curses fled the place;
And vile attornies—now an useless race!
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue,
What many wish, but want the power to do.
O say! what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest—*five hundred pounds* a year.
Blush, grandeur blush! proud courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars—hide your diminish'd rays!

The name of this excellent person, whose deeds are so charmingly pourtrayed, was Mr. JOHN KYRLE, and he died here in the year 1724, at the age of ninety, after having spent *sixty* years of his life in doing good to his fellow-creatures. The poet has not exceeded

matter of fact. Mr. Kyrle was a batchelor, and of his estate, amounting to 500l. *per annum*, he spent only 50l. in support of himself. Such rare characters ought to be consigned over to immortality!

MONMOUTH is a place of antiquity. The castle, of which ruins are still visible, was probably built before the conquest. Henry of Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, resided some time in this building, where his son Edward the Fifth was born, for which reason he was called Henry of Monmouth. The situation of the town is pleasant, at the confluence of several streams, being both populous and well built. Besides the county hall, where the assizes are held, there is a good town-house, and a handsome gothic church.—There is not much trade here, except the exportation of the natural productions of the county, by means of the Wye, to Bristol. In the vicinity of Monmouth, *Troy House* rears its stately turrets, the seat of the duke of Beaufort, who is at present lord lieutenant of the county.

On the road from Monmouth to Usk stands *Rugland Castle*, once a place of great strength, and remarkable for having held out in the cause of Charles the First, under the marquis of Worcester, even to the very end of the civil wars.

USK is a small town delightfully situated in the centre of the county of Monmouth. It is supposed, by Camden, to have been the Burrium of Antoninus, where, according to the itinerary, there was a Roman colony. The town house is a neat modern building, and the church is large and commodious. Here is an ancient inscription said to puzzle all the learned in the kingdom. Formerly there was a fine castle here, on the brow of the hill overhanging the town, which the Welsh princes used as a garrison against the incursions of the English. The remains of the fabric are still visible, and a great part clasped round by the aged ivy, forms an interesting spectacle in the appearance of the

country. The river Usk, running by the town, has a good stone bridge thrown over it, but the floods in the winter season endanger its stability. The limpid stream flowing gently through its arches, has been long famous for salmon, by which the Bath and Bristol markets are supplied. This fishery has proved exceedingly profitable to its proprietors; and amusing it is to behold the various contrivances which ingenuity has devised to secure its prey.

For the little rural town of *Usk*, I must be suffered to indulge a degree of partiality natural to the human heart—for here I drew my *first* breath, on the second day of October, 1767. Even to the most common minds their *natal soil* generally presents some peculiar endearment. But my dear young friend, neither the time of our birth, nor the period of our dissolution, can be deemed of much consequence.

> Enough—that VIRTUE fill'd the space between,
> Proved by the *ends* of being—TO HAVE BEEN!
>
> POPE.

I at length reached *Pontypool*, embosomed in its native hills, fatigued by my circuitous journey. An account of this sequestered spot, and a sketch of my return through Bristol, Bath, Reading, Windsor, &c. back to the metropolis, will form the contents of my next epistle; when both *you* my young friend, and my *pen*, will be finally relieved, by my once more subscribing myself,

Your affectionate Tutor,

J. EVANS.

BOLD ADVENTURE OF A DUTCHMAN,

AT ST. HELENA.

A Dutch ship returning from the East Indies, one of the seamen was condemned to death, for some capital crime; soon after arriving at St. Helena, at that time *uninhabited*, they changed his punishment, determining to leave him there, and accordingly put him on shore!

The unhappy man representing to himself the horrors of such a solitude, perhaps in a greater degree than he need, fell upon the following desperate enterprize: They had that day buried one of the officers. The poor seaman contrived to open the grave, and get the coffin up. He then forced it open and removed the body. He next took the coffin down to the sea, and carefully seating himself in it, ventured out, having made a kind of rudder of the upper board! happily for him there was at that time a very great calm, and the ship lay as it were immoveable within a league and an half of the island. Those on board seeing so odd a kind of boat floating upon the water, were much alarmed, thinking it had been an apparition! but when they could discern who and what it was, they were equally amazed at the unaccountable boldness of the man who had ventured so far in a few boards slightly nailed together, which a small wave would have overset, when he could have no assurance of being received by those who so lately sentenced him to death! It was, however, put to the question, and though some were for having the sentence executed, yet pity and admiration prevailing, they determined to take him on board again. Being once more safe in the ship, he returned to Holland, where he afterwards resided at Hofn, on the Zyder Zee, and related unto many the deliverance which he had so miraculously experienced.

THE DRAMA.

"Some catch the spreading notion of the town,
And never give a judgment of their own."

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

OCT. 30. THIS evening a comic opera, called VIRGINIA, was performed for the first time, but was so intricate in point of plot, that the most critical observer could not discover the intention of the author; the incidents were in the extreme confused, and the whole so ill-suited for theatrical representation, that the audience universally testified their disapprobation. *Bannister* attempted to give it out for a second representation, upon which the clamour became so general, that *Kemole* came forward and assured the audience it should be withdrawn.

In the after-piece of the CITIZEN, *Mr. Purser* made his *debut* in the part of Philpot; he is too hasty in his delivery, and his voice and action are too juvenile to give the character its proper effect.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

OCT. 31. The TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD was represented this evening for the purpose of introducing *Mr. Cooke*, from the Dublin stage, in the arduous part of Richard, which he performed in a masterly manner. He appeared to have a just conception of the character; and although some parts

might be deemed defective when tried by the rule of strict perfection, there were so many real beauties, that it would be illiberal to refuse this gentleman the tribute of praise. One great merit, originality, he possesses in an eminent degree; and, upon the whole, blends with judgment the various traits necessary for the character. His exertions to please were crowned with the most flattering testimonies of applause. *Pope*, as Richmond, was dignified and impressive; *Miss Chapman* and *Mrs. Litchfield* as the Queen and Lady Ann, were respectable.

Nov. 1. A comedy, called LIFE, by *Mr. Reynolds*, was performed for the first time, and received with every token of real approbation; the plot gains its interest from the misfortunes of the family of the Marchmonts. Mr. Marchmont having married the daughter of Mr. Primitive without his consent, the two first years however of their union are passed with all the joys attendant on mutual love, during which time they are blessed by the birth of Rosa; but

"Bliss too mighty long to last,"

is here exemplified, for with the third year comes the demon poverty, and imbitters all their hopes; in this state of distress Primitive is applied to by his daughter, on whom he bestows temporary assistance, and at the same time disclaims her for ever; in this dilemma Marchmont, in his frenzy of desperation, plunges into every species of dissipation, and at last quits his wife and child. Mrs. Marchmont, reduced to the utmost distress, goes to Switzerland, having previously placed her child under the protection of a friend. Marchmont, hurt with the reflection of his past conduct, returns, recovers his daughter, whom he endeavours to support by his literary talents. Expecting to derive considerable advantage from a work he is about to publish, he advertises for a governess to instruct his daughter Rosa

in music and drawing; Mrs. Marchmont about this time returns from Switzerland, and applies for the situation of teacher, which application leads to many interesting incidents. In disguise she offers to Marchmont, for his opinion, a manuscript in the manner of a romance, which contains a detail of the hardships she has endured; the termination of this scene is truly interesting. Primitive, after an absence of thirty years from his country returns, and determines making Gabriel Lackbrain his heir; but seeing his error in forsaking his daughter, son-in-law, and grand-daughter, and convinced of his duty and their worth, finding Gabriel Lackbrain unworthy his protection, resolves on a reconciliation, which is effected, and the piece concludes by his consent to the union of Rosa and Sir Harry Torpid, who had shown considerable attention to the Marchmont family in distress.

This comedy may, with justice, be deemed the most interesting and best finished production of Mr. Reynolds's muse, abounding with spirited humour and epigrammatic point. The fashionable vices of the day are censured with great ability, and exposed to ridicule and contempt; and although the laugh is frequently excited, in the more pathetic scenes the tear is not to be withheld. In this particular instance the author has far exceeded his former efforts; and though some trifling inconsistencies and occasional severities might, in the course of the piece, be pointed out, it would be rather bordering on ill-nature to do so, when, upon the whole, we find so much to admire and applaud. The following are the concluding lines:

> "You who can save, or kill us with a breath,
> Stamp our existence—dont put *Life* to *death*:
> Impatient here we meet your dread commands—
> So let us live, for *Life* is in your hands."

The Epilogue, delivered by *Munden*, contains some

smart and whimsical alllusions, and is from the pen of *Mr. Andrews.*

The characters were:

Sir Harry Torpid.....*Mr. Lewis,*
Gabriel Lackbrain.. .....*Mr. Fawcett,*
Marchmont.....*Mr. Murray,*
Primitive.....*Mr. Munden,*
Crafty.....*Mr. Emery,*
Clifford..... .....*Mr. Farley,*

Rosa Marchmont.....*Miss Murray,*
Mrs. Decoy.....*Mrs. St. Ledger,*
Mrs. Belford..... .....*Miss Chapman,*

of whom too much cannot be said in praise, performing with credit to themselves and universal satisfaction to a numerous and respectable audience.

It may not be here improper to compliment the author for the service he has rendered the cause of virtue. Of his play may be said truly:

"Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
"One line, which dying, he need wish to blot!"

Nov. 10. The part of Shylock was this evening performed, for the first time on these boards, by *Mr. Cooke*, who acquitted himself with great ability and distinguished applause. *Miss Murray*, in Portia, making due allowance for the youth of this charming actress played with great judgment and correctness, and received considerable marks of approbation.

Nov. 12. Their Majesties, for the first time this season, attended the representation of the new comedy of LIFE, and PAUL AND VIRGINIA. The house overflowed at an early hour, and the Royal Visitants seemed highly pleased with the performance.

Barnard's Inn. T. G.

WOLVERHAMPTON THEATRE.

THE theatre of this town opened on the 27th of October, with the comedy of the BELLE'S STRATAGEM, and the after-piece of the CITIZEN. The house was fashionably attended, and the performers, upon the whole, were well received. SPEED THE PLOUGH has lately been gotten up, and a few of the characters supported with considerable spirit and propriety. We agree with Dr. Johnson, when he says, "The care of the critic should be to distinguish error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent," he observes, "may be reclaimed; vociferation, vehement and confused, may be restrained and modulated; the stalk of the tyrant may become the gait of a man; the yell of inarticulate distress may be reduced to human lamentation," &c. But with due deference to the learned doctor, this reformation is, sometimes, a most tedious time in taking place. Young actors are apt to mistake noise for eloquence, and turbulence for animation; impudence is supposed to be ease and unembarrassment. Starts and pauses are become as prevalent as white handkerchiefs, not as natural emotions of the mind, but as apologies for unmeaning faces, and minds incapable of conception. Every one who has studied human nature, must be convinced, that it does not require much capacity to bawl, to strut, to "*saw the air*," to pull a muslin handkerchief out of the pocket, to put it in again, to kneel, to swear, and "*mouth the heavens*;" to do all this, one requisite will be sufficient—*impudence*, and impudence is not capacity. To undertake to correct these excrescences is the duty of a critic, and where his suggestions are attended to, we may infer ability; where they are not, incapacity. To reduce a bold and impassioned air to a chaste address, doubtless requires time and ob-

servation; and where the gradations of improvement are perceptible, we ought to be satisfied; but where this violence is uniform, and uniformly out of time, we are displeased. Not but what we have some performers, Mr. Editor, who are entitled to considerable approbation.

Mr. Fox often reminds us that we are offsprings of the *animale risibile*. His powers of grimace are extensive, and render him an agreeable addition, *in these gloomy times*, to the *dramatis personæ* of theatricals. We have seen him in characters of a serious and heroic cast, and have admired the accuracy of his conception and the energy of his manner. *Mr. Holmes* is not destitute of theatrical merit, and is a useful and not unentertaining performer. *Mrs. Chambers* is an admirable representative of the fastidious and superannuated old maiden. *Mr. Shuter* is a judicious and useful performer; he has a large family, and, as an actor, or as a member of society, he has a claim on our kindness and attention. *Mr. Farren* is a pleasant young actor; we recommend him carefully to study the nature of his characters, and adapt his colouring accordingly. The *actor* will not be offended at any suggestions that may tend to their improvement. He must have arrived at an inestimable pitch of folly and egotism, that cannot benefit by criticism.

Wolverhampton. CIVIS.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1800.

LINES

Addressed to my Youngest Sister, at School, with a Lock of Hair.

OF this lock of brown hair, here wrap'd up so nicely,
Dear Harriet your kindest acceptance I crave;
But that I may give it, and you take it wisely,
You shall with it a lesson of wisdom receive.

This lock, by old Time, shall never be silver'd;
(The durable emblem, ah! wear on your breast)
When he has whitened my head, and my senses bewilder'd,
This, unchang'd, on my Harriet's soft bosom shall rest.

My immutable love for you thus shall flourish,
Till the head where this grew is laid low in the earth;
Then think of Maria, and the soft feeling cherish,
Which tenderness wakes, to which virtue gives birth.

Ah! cultivate ever her gentlest emotion,
So shall heaven-born charity dwell in your heart;
Believe me, 'twill sweeten life's bitterest potion,
And of sorrow's sharp sting it shall soften the smart.

It shall open your mind to the enjoyment of pleasure,
Of which the unfeeling no notion can form;
And the blessings of Heaven shall flow without measure,
In the heart this angelic affection shall warm.

50, *Wellclose-square.* ANNA MARIA.

TO THE

MEMORY OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

MORTAL, from yon lower sphere,
Ere eternal joys thou share,
Are thy earthly duties done—
Husband, father, friend and son?

Hast thou o'er a parent's head,
Drops of filial fondness shed?
What the pleasure, hast thou prov'd,
Tis to love and to be lov'd?

Hast thou with delighted eyes,
Seen thy num'rous offspring rise?
Hast thou, in the paths of truth,
Led their unexperienced youth?

Didst thou e'er in sadness bend,
O'er the sorrows of a friend?
Didst thou hasten, unappalled,
When thy sinking country call'd?

Husband! father! friend! and son!
Well thy journey thou hast run!
Life has known its best employ,
Sown in virtue, reap'd in joy!

July 30, 1800.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE REV. GEORGE PATTRICK, LL. B.

LATE JOINT LECTURER OF ST. LEONARD, SHOREDITCH.

WHAT sounds are those so solemn from the knell?
What are the tidings? What the event they tell?
'Twas three times three it knell'd; O, say for who!
To hear its dismal note is nothing new,
In this large parish, where so oft it tolls
For friends and neighbours, whose immortal souls

Have wing'd their flight from this terrene abode,
To stand before the judgment seat of God.
But rumour spreads a mournful, fearful tale,
That will, if true, make tears of no avail.
I ask, with trembling voice, pray, who is dead?
And what bright spirit from its clay has fled?
Oh! doleful answer! how will Christians bear
The awful tidings? when too soon they hear
Their much lov'd preacher, Pattrick, is no more.
How will their heaving breasts his loss deplore,
How will they tell again the mournful tale,
That death has caus'd their blooming hopes to fail!
What years of sacred pleasure now are lost:
And all their fondest wishes sadly crost.
How lov'd, how honour'd, how by all esteem'd,
Avails not pow: his sun had scarcely beam'd,
And gilt the horizon, posting to its noon
Of useful labour; all the spheres in tune
To fill the swelling chorus, just begun,
That peace, and truth, had the great vict'ry won
O'er jarring passions, and that now a calm
Made storms subside, while hope prepar'd a balm
To heal each wound, and bid us join to sing,
Glory and praise to heav'n's all bounteous king.
Be husht each murmuring thought, his glass is run,
His labour finish'd, and his work is done.
In solemn silence let us lowly bend,
Before the footstool of the sinner's friend;
And learn this lesson from th' uplifted rod,
That blessings slighted may provoke our God,
To take them hence, and bid us bear the cross,
And find the worth of mercies in their loss.
Oh! had his task been larger, and his span
Lengthen'd to hoary hairs, an aged man,
Held in respect for usefulness and years,
Dispensing comforts, and dispelling fears;
Sounding the gospel trumpet's sweetest tone,
That sinners lost, are sav'd by grace alone:
Each grateful heart would bound with sacred joy,
And hymns of praise, each thankful tongue employ:

But now, alas! we must his loss deplore,
And here, on earth, behold his face no more.
His fervent zeal will be remember'd long,
By those who often heard his willing tongue,
Tell of the wonders of redeeming love,
And endless pleasure in the realms above;
Or with loud accents the dire pains proclaim,
Of those who rise to everlasting shame.
Attentive thousands follow'd where he taught,
And followed not in vain, nor heard for nought;
With wholesome food, his flock the shepherd fed,
And then to streams of living water led;
Taught them to look to Zion's fruitful hill,
Where the great shepherd every soul shall fill
With everlasting joy; wipe every tear,
And banish every cause of grief or fear.
To those celestial hills the King of kings
Call'd up his servant, where he shouts and sings,
Worthy the Lamb, amongst the countless throng
Of saints and seraphs, while th' eternal song
Is, glory and blessing to the Great Supreme,
And unto him whose blood did souls redeem;
Who made them priests and kings, to live and reign
Before the ethereal throne, and swell the strain
Of ceaseless hallelujahs; sweeter far
Than all the sweetest sounds that mortals hear,
When all the powers of harmony unite,
To fill the soul with rapture and delight.
O may we join the concert, meet our friend,
And taste that bliss which ne'er shall have an end!

Shoreditch, ONAS.
Sep. 18, 1800.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

CHASTE queen of eve, and wilt thou lend an ear
To one whom hope and happiness have fled;
For thy lov'd beams have still the pow'r to cheer,
And woo my fancies from th' unthinking dead.

Thou hast no partial ray for wealth and pride,
No beam distinctive for th' insulting great;
By whom befriended, or to whom allied,
Thou never heed'st, thou hast no party hate.

True sov'reignty is thine, and oft alone,
Thus have I stray'd to hail thy peerless light;
And see thee rising from thy eastern throne,
To kiss, with maiden beams, the cheek of night;
Till Sol his rosy rays around the landscape flung,
And drown'd my fancies wild, the cares of day among.

Wolverhampton. CIVIS.

SONNET.

THE sun has reach'd the mountain's head,
That nods o'er yonder lake;
The clouds of night afar are fled,
Elvira—love, awake.

Arise, enjoy the sweetest scene
Sweet nature's charms can yield;
The flowers hue, the lovely green
That decks each verdant field.

Come haste thee to the distant lawn,
And join in mirth and glee;
Nor think the pleasures of the morn,
Are less for love and me.

But no! the convent's dreary cell,
Detains thee from my arms,
Thy oath is ta'en: adieu! farewell,
To thee and nature's charms.

A. O. Z.

CELIA.

AS passing through a lone church-yard,
In which the sacred yew,
O'er each fond tribute of regard
A solemn shadow threw:

Where, midst the awe-inspiring gloom,
A youth I saw reclin'd,
Upon a new rais'd marble tomb,
In agony of mind,

Him thus in pity I addrest;
In hope I might relieve,
The secret sorrows of his breast,
For which I saw him grieve.

" From whence does all thy sorrow flow?
" Can no one friend impart,
" Some pity to assuage thy woe,
" To ease thy tortur'd heart?"

The youth now started, look'd around;
Surpriz'd, at length he said,
" O, hard's my fate, for I have found
" No joy since Celia fled.

" Hear but my tale of Celia's worth,
" Which to you I'll relate:
" Bereft of all I lov'd on earth,
" Can joy e'er me await?

" O mark yon oak upon the glade,
" Where yon spire shews its head;
" We oft delighted in its shade,
" But now delight is fled.

" To meet a friend, some miles from home,
" Together did we stray;
" But ah, that walk cost us too dear,
" Unhappy was that day!

" The storm o'ertook us on yon hill,
" It was in vain to fly;
" The lightning flash'd, prepar'd to kill,
" There was no refuge nigh.

" The livid light'ning struck her form,
" And robb'd her of her charms;
" Yet Celia smil'd amidst the storm,
" Sunk lifeless in my arms.

" And but another day had flown
" She'd been my beauteous bride;
" But death had mark'd her for his own,
" Yet me his aid denied.

" Three nights at Celia's tomb I've past,
" That I might secret sigh;
" But nature cries, this night's the last,
" To Celia I must fly."

When frantic grown, now glar'd his eyes,
Convulsions check'd his breath;
When heaven, in pity to his sighs,
Now clos'd those eyes in death.

Smith-street, Oct. 10, 1800. J. C. L.

ON THE

INCONSTANCY OF ANNA ———.

WHEN in a serene summer eve,
I viewed each blith ruddy mien,
Of th' lasses and lads who had met,
To gambol and play on the green;

And when I surveyed the fields,
The woodlands, the streamlets, and bow'rs,
My heart did with pleasure expand,
And swiftly away past the hours:

But Anna's bright influence made
Each scene to my fancy more gay;
For she by my side then did walk,
And converse enliven'd the way.

My Anna was gentle and kind;
There ne'er was a lovlier maid;
And sweet were the kisses I stole,
When sitting beneath the cool shade.

Her voice, in an evening song,
My bosom with rapture would fill;
And oft in my dreams I have thought,
The warbler's soft notes I heard still:

Yet nothing could equal my joy,
When, strolling with her in the grove,
Again and again we have vow'd,
For ever each other to love:

But Anna, alas! now is chang'd,
And from me is gone far away;
And dreary the prospect appears,
Wherever I happen to stray.

My heart is with sorrow oppress'd,
And nought can the burden remove;
For Anna's bright image is there,
Too deeply engraved by love.

Adieu to the sports of the green,
Since Anna has left me to sigh:
Farewell! all ye shades and ye groves,
I've nothing to do but to die.

Pontefract. W. E. MERRITON.

THE COMPLAINT.

WHERE's that wild spot, so lone or drear,
Too sad for hopeless love to dwell?
Ah! where's that desert gloom should hear
The love-lorn soul her sorrows tell?

For those crude pangs that rive my heart,
I'd seek thy cell, oh pale despair!
There brood the woe I'll ne'er impart,
Save to the howling desert air.

Where raging storms in whirlwinds rise,
Congenial with my gloomy mind,
My sighs shall waft to list'ning skies,
Where ev'ry woe shall solace find.

Inner Temple. CAROLUS.

REFLECTIONS

On seeing a Bird fall suddenly dead upon the Ground.*

POOR little feather'd one! how still thou liest,
Who erst with soaring pennons gaily cleav'st
The pathless air! ah, what a solemn change
Hath one short minute wrought! thy velvet plumes,
That oft have wanton'd in the mollient breeze
Of undulating zephyr, now have lost
Their beauteous gloss, and wear a death-like hue.
No more shalt thou with lively carol hail
The lord of day, when, crown'd with fluid gold,
The orient he ascends, nor charm the ear
Of heaven-born meditation, when at eve
She seeks the woodlands, and delights to trace
Fair nature's works.—Poor bird! thy short-liv'd days
Are gone, and such the end of all that live
And move upon this sublunary globe.
Here let me moralize—for "well it is,
"That thoughts like these should wean us from the world."
O hither come! thou mortal, whose sole cares
Are centred here below, O hither come,
And view a picture of thy future fate;
Similitude, how awful! yet how just!
Ah, see'st thou not its little breathless limbs
By the last pang distorted?—So shall thine be,
Ere thou shalt enter the cold realms of death,
(Eternity's dread passport.)—See'st thou not,
How soon its body will become a prey
To foul corruption?—So, alas! shall thine,
So shall thy beauty moulder in the dust.

* This piece was inserted in last month's Garland in a *mutilated* state, with the signature of "R. C. Bow Church-yard, Sep. 6, 1800." But Mr. Case claims it as his own production, and requested us to give it to our readers in its entire state, restored to its proper owner. This we have readily done. We leave Mr. R. C. to obviate the charge of piracy, and confess ourselves much displeased with the imposition.—*Ed.*

Learn hence to curb each proud, each earth-born thought;
Spurn not this humble lesson; raise thy views
To that just being, whose omnific power,
Nor tongue can tell, nor fancy e'er conceive.

Written in 1798. W. CASE, JUN.

VERSES

On Sir J—— L——'s coming of Age.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

LONG expected one and twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great Sir J——, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betsies, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care,
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly,
Joy to see their quarry fly;
Here the gamester light and jolly,
There the lender grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian, friend, or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waste;
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother—
You can hang or drown at last!

Literary Review.

A Tour round North Wales, performed during the Summer of 1798. *By the Reverend W. Bingley, B. A. illustrated with Views in Aqua-tinta, by Alken. 2 vols.* 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Williams.

TOURS in abundance respecting the principality, have, of late years, issued from the press; and so enchanting an effect has this species of writing on the mind, that it is hardly possible to produce a satiety. Mr. Bingley, however, is no ordinary tourist, and his volumes are replete with information. He skims not over the surface of the subject like too many travellers, but he ascends the mountain, explores the valley, and draws some of his richest stores from the mines of antiquity.

North Wales has been more especially the object of Mr. Bingley's peregrinations, and its castles are described with an interesting minuteness. Indeed these venerable structures are, in themselves, impressive; they suggest many pleasing ideas in the mind, connected with the history of our country.

The Isle of Anglesea, the abode of the ancient Druids, attracts particular attention, and the copper mines are well described. The judgment of a tourist is displayed by the choice of the subjects brought before the reader, and here our author acquits himself with ability.

We remarked many extracts which might be made with advantage, both to Mr. Bingley and ourselves;

but we must defer this pleasure, and shall insert them at a future period in the body of our work.

The *manners and customs of the Welsh* are delineated with a strong and faithful hand; it requires no common discernment to ascertain the precise features of a people who are distinguished for their singularity. The Cambrians, however, it must be remembered, are the ancient inhabitants of Britain. Driven to their mountains, either by the warlike Roman or by the insiduous Dane, they relinquished only their territory; for "the unconquerable mind" remained, and they are to this day celebrated for the love of their country. Hospitality is likewise a virtue by no means uncommon amongst them; undebauched by the luxury of the age, they have not yet learnt to stifle the best feelings of their nature; and long may they preserve uncontaminated their native honesty and simplicity!

The *views* are properly chosen and happily executed.

The Hospital Pupil, or an Essay intended to facilitate the Study of Surgery. In Four Letters. By James Parkinson. 3s. 6d. in boards. Symonds.

THE ingenious author of *Medical Admonitions for Families,* again presents himself to the public notice by the production of a work of indispensable utility. The art of medicine is of the highest importance to society; its professors, therefore, ought to be well qualified for the office they assume; on them depends, in a great measure, the happiness or misery of their fellow creatures. Mr. Parkinson in the work before us, has with ability expatiated on topics of advice which are deserving of the utmost attention. To the *medical pupil* the volume must prove an invaluable treasure; and even to the *established practitioner* it must be highly acceptable.

The essay is divided into four letters. 1st. On the Qualifications necessary for a Youth intended for the Profession of Medicine and Surgery. 2. On the Education of a Medical Student—improved Course of Hospital Studies, &c. 3. Directions for the prosecution of Hospital Studies, according to the present System of Medical Education. 4. Hints on entering into Practice, on Medical Jurisprudence, &c. From this judicious distribution of the subject we may infer the competency of the author happily to execute the task he has undertaken.

The author has, with great justice, reprobated *nostrums*, as being particularly pernicious to the constitutions of those persons who tamper with them. Thousands fall a prey to this species of popular deception. On the tombs of such unhappy individuals might be written this well known epitaph — *I was well — I wished to be better—I took physic—and here I am!* The legislature ought to interfere, or at least societies, as Mr. Parkinson suggests, should be founded, to counteract the evils which flow from medical *quackeries* of every description.

We sincerely hope that the *Medical Pupil* will be read with attention by all young persons who are destined to fill up a department in which talents and information are of unspeakable importance to mankind. The profession of medicine itself is as honourable as it is laborious. Highly privileged indeed must be that character who has it in his power to diminish, by his well directed exertions, the common mass of human misery!

Exercises on the Globes, interspersed with some Historical, Biographical, Chronological, Mythological, and Miscellaneous Information, on a New Plan, designed for the Use of Young Ladies. By William Butler, Teacher of Writing, Accounts, and Geography, in Ladies' Schools and in private Families. The Second Edition. Mawman.

THE republication of valuable books must prove pleasing to their authors and to the public, for whose benefit they are designed. It shows that merit is regarded, and that the age is desirous of acquiring that degree of useful knowledge which is necessary to the welfare of society.

Of all philosophical instruments the GLOBE is, perhaps, the neatest and most impressive. Its circular form, the division of its surface by such a number of regular lines, and its revolution on its axis, serve to shew the ingenuity of man after an interesting manner. The present volume, by a series of easy problems, professes to lead the pupil into a thorough acquaintance with the globe on which he lives; and also to make him familiar with the heavens, by which our earth is so gloriously and delightfully encircled.

Mr. Butler has happily succeeded in his endeavours to render plain the first elements of geography and astronomy. His definitions are clear, and his problems are introductory to each other, so that the solution of them may be effected with a greater degree of facility.

The miscellaneous notes scattered throughout the volume are extremely valuable; they contain much information, and will give youth a pleasing insight into the propriety of the manner of the several constellations into which the stars are divided. Without such a knowledge the heavens seem confused; but when we have attended to the real origin of the divisions, we shall

find that they allude to some of the most important incidents in the page of ancient history. In this point of view the firmament resembles a mighty RECORD, where the eye of science discerns traces of wisdom which, otherwise, would have for ever lain concealed folds of obscurity.

Human Longevity, recording the Name, Age, Place of Residence, and Year of the decease of 1712 *Persons, who attained a Century and upwards, from A. D.* 66, *to* 1799; *comprising a Period of* 1733 *Years. With Anecdtoes the most remarkable. By James Easton.* 6s. Boards.

OLD age is the secret wish of all mankind, provided their condition be in any degree allied to peace and serenity. Indeed so strong is the love of life, that even distress will rather be borne cheerfully before they have recourse to the means of violent dissolution.

The contents of the volume before us are amusing, and the instances are worth preservation. The calculation stands thus:

"Of males and females who lived from 100 to 110 years (both inclusive) the instances have been.....1310

Above 110 to 120	277
—— 120 to 130	84
—— 130 to 140	26
—— 140 to 150	7
—— 150 to 160	3
—— 160 to 170	2
—— 170 to 185	3
	1712!

Alas! how rare are these instances of longevity! The list, like an *inverted pyramid*, proclaims our mortality!

Britannia's Tears, a Vision. By A. Peterkin. 1s. Hurst.

IN this curious piece of poetry BRITANNIA is made to weep plentifully, and she expresses her lamentations in hard words, so that her strains cannot be understood by the lower classes of society. Hence there can be no fear of sedition, since the spirit of grumbling is wrapped up in a prudent kind of obscurity. The poet, however, that he might not leave his readers broken-hearted by the distressful accents of BRITANNIA, takes care that she should wipe her eyes, and cheer up her features in these memorable strains:—take them as they are, they speak for themselves:

"Since *my* unconquer'd navy still retains
The ocean's sov'reignty *no more I sigh!*
But on that bounteous power who ever reigns,
For safety, happiness, and peace rely!"

A wise resolve. May she have it in her power to adhere to the determination even down to the latest posterity!

St. Paul at Athens, a Seatorian Prize Poem. By William Bolland, M. A. Rivingtons. 1s.

THIS pleasing little poem is well worthy perusal; it is chaste in its language, spirited in its comparisons, and in its representations most impressive. One extract will shew our meaning respecting *Paul* before the court of Areopagus;

"Who shall describe the senate's wild amaze,
When the great orator announced that day,
That solemn day, when from the yawning earth,
The dead shall rise, and ocean's deep abyss

Pour forth its buried millions? When, 'mid choirs
Of angels thron'd, the righteous God shall sit,
To judge the gather'd nations. Vice appall'd,
With trembling steps retir'd, and guilty fear
Shook ev'ry frame, when HOLY PAUL pronounc'd
The awful truth: dark superstition's fiend
Convulsive wreath'd within his mighty grasp,
And persecution's dagger half unsheath'd,
Back to its scabbard slunk: celestial grace
Around him beam'd; sublime th' apostle stood
In heav'n's impenetrable armour cloth'd;
Alone, unhurt, before a host of foes!
So, 'mid the billows of the boundless main
Some rock's vast fabric rears its lofty form,
And o'er the angry surge that roars below,
Indignant frowns: in vain the tempest howls;
The blast, rude sweeping o'er the troubled deep
Assaults in vain: unmov'd the giant views
All nature's war, as 'gainst his flinty sides
Wave after wave expends its little rage,
And breaks in harmless murmurs at his feet!"

The Christian's Elegant Repository, embellished with Six beautiful Engravings. Button. 5s. In boards.

IN this volume we meet with variety, and variety possesses charms sufficient to captivate the most superficial minds. To the religious of the Calvinistic persuasion the contents will be acceptable; and the several anecdotes which are interspersed throughout the work, are deserving of a place in the memory. The plates are well designed and happily executed. Indeed the whole is finished in a style which enables us to bestow the most unreserved praise on the beauty of its typography.

The following little anecdote pleased us most, and therefore we have transcribed it:

"The late Mr. Robinson of Cambridge called upon a friend just as he had received a letter from his son, who was surgeon on board a vessel then laying off Smyrna. The son mentioned to his father that every morning, about sun rise, a fresh gale of air blew from the sea, across the land, and, from its wholesomeness and utility in clearing the infected air, this wind is always called the DOCTOR. 'Now,' says Mr. Robinson, 'it strikes me that the prophet Malachi, who lived in this quarter of the world, might allude to this circumstance, when he says—*The sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings!* The Psalmist mentions *the wings of the wind*; and it appears to me that this salubrious breeze which attends the rising of the sun, may be properly enough considered as the *wings* of the sun, which contain such healing influences, rather than the beams of the sun, as that passage has been commonly understood."

This is a very ingenious thought; the consideration of such circumstances attending the eastern part of the world, serves greatly to illustrate the sacred writings.

The Triumph of Truth, in the Testimony of its Foes, or Proofs of the Authenticity of the Bible, derived from the Evidence of its Opposers, Perverters, and Revilers; interspersed with Thoughts on Modern Infidelity; and on the Moral, Political, and Religious Revolutions of the present Age; in a Series of Letters to a Disciple of Deism. By Thomas Bingham, London. Crosby and Letterman.

THE author of this little performance shews himself well acquainted with the subject on which he here addresses the public, and therefore we were pleased with the perusal of it. The objections of infidelity are

fairly stated, and, in our opinion, fully answered. A variety of pertinent remarks are hazarded, and many excellent observations introduced, for the support and confirmation of our common christianity.

The author descants with great propriety on the corruptions to which the christian religion has been subjected; and in which many of the cavils of infidelity have originated. The attacks of unbelievers, indeed, may be compared to the tempest which, during its continuance, creates much alarm in the timid and faint hearted; but it terminates in the purification of the atmosphere, by which we are on every side surrounded.

Mr. B. therefore, has taken up this view of the subject, and expressed his sentiments in these words with peculiar felicity:

"In what darkness the mind of an unbeliever must be enveloped, if he is a friend to the real liberties of mankind, when he contemplates the state of France in particular, and recollects the repeated disappointment of that expected state of happiness and freedom, which her first wonderful revolution appeared to augur, and how feeble and changeable his conjectures must be as to *the end* of these things. But the believer in revelation standing on the eminence of scripture prophecy, and viewing it gradually unfolded by events so striking, has no need to change his ground; with steady eye he marks the dark eclipse, not fearing the extinction of the obscured luminary, but calmly and confidently waits the passing of the opake intervening body, and the certain appearance of the succeeding splendor!"

The following paragraph at the close of the volume deserves particular attention:

"Each of the numerous sects and parties bearing the general name of christian, while they were ready to admit that some degrees of corruption in doctrine and manners had taken place among christian professors in general, yet were unwilling to allow, at least till lately, that any part of that defection was chargeable on their own particular party,

most strenuously contended that themselves alone were possessed of primitive purity, but recent discovery of the imposition and exposure of the mysteries of priestcraft (though in many instances by the profane efforts of infidels) have already effected a great and surprising change in this respect, in the views of many christians, and led them to search the scriptures for themselves, instead of implicitly following, as heretofore, their respective leaders, in consequence of which they have found that none of them had escaped the general corruption."

"It will be well if this discovery be rightly improved, if those who have made it will on the one hand resolutely determine to reject every thing however commended or sanctioned, that has no foundation in scripture, and on the other embrace, defend, and practise every thing they perceive to be therein revealed; the religion of Jesus then appearing in its own native colours, would, even in the consciences of its opposers, have a secret witness to its excellence."

Much as we were pleased with this work, we must confess that the ingenious author, by the exclusion of political opinions, would have widened the sphere of its utility.

Poems on Various Subjects by the Reverend Samuel Bishop, A. M. late Head Master of Merchant-Taylor's School. In Two Volumes. Second Edition. Cadell and Davies.

MR. Bishop was born in London 1731, became Head Master in 1783, of the Merchant Taylor's School, and died in 1795. He appears to have been a good man, with pleasing talents, and assiduously devoted himself to the discharge of his duty. He had many friends by whom he was much esteemed, and indeed was beloved by the whole circle of his connections. Of such a character we can only say, that the sincerest tribute of respect is due to his memory. The poems are entertaining, shewing throughout a playful fancy

and an excellent heart. The volumes are characterised by a vast variety of subjects. *Domestic pleasures* were, with the author, a favourite subject, and on this head we are perfectly agreed. As a specimen we add the following extract, with which our readers, we doubt not, will be gratified:

" ' Home's home, however homely,' wisdom says—
And certain is the fact, tho' coarse the phrase.—
To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the muse's call;
And as she leads th' ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song.
" Clear then the stage!—No scenery we require,
Save the snug circle, round her parlour fire:—
And enter, marshall'd in procession fair,
Each happier influence, that predominates *there*.
" First LOVE, by friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the glad glow, and sanctifies the kiss,
When fondly welcom'd to the accustom'd seat,
In sweet complacence wife and husband meet;
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labours, but unite in care.
" AMBITION—does ambition there reside?
Yes!—when the boy, in manly mood, astride,
Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
Canters, the jockey of his father's cane.
—While EMULATION, in the daughter's heart,
Bears a more mild, tho' not less powerful part!
With zeal to shine her fluttering bosom warms;
And in the romp, the future house-wife forms.
" Or both, perchance, to graver sport incline,
And ART and GENIUS in their pastime join;
This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents;
That rears aloft the card-built tenements.
" Think how JOY animates, intense, tho' meek,
The fading roses on their grandame's cheek;
When proud the frolic progeny to survey,
She feels, and owns, an interest in their play;
Adopts each wish, their wayward whims unfold;
And tells, at every call, the story ten times told.

" *Good humour'd* DIGNITY endears, meanwhile,
The narrative grandsire's venerable style,
If, haply, feats atchiev'd in prime of youth,
Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate attention's ear command.
" To such society, so form'd, so blest,
TIME, THOUGHT, REMEMBRANCE, all impart a zest:
And EXPECTATION, day by day, more bright,
Round every prospect throws increasing light:
The simplest comforts act with strongest force;
Whate'er can give them, can improve, of course.
" All this is *common-place*, you'll tell me—true!
What pity 'tis not COMMON FASHION too!—
Roam as we will, plain sense, at last, will find,
'Tis only seeking—*what we left behind.*
—If *individual good* engage our hope,
DOMESTIC VIRTUES give the largest scope;
If plans of *public eminence* we trace,
DOMESTIC VIRTUES are its surest base."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetical piece from *Pontefract* shall be admitted. When *Miss Tabitha* writes in a more feminine strain, her communications also shall have a place in our Miscellany. The *Criticism on Burns* was by no means just, and was tinctured with great illiberality. National reflections ought carefully to be avoided. They bear on the very face of them the most notorious impropriety.

Holl. sculp.

Sam.l Johnson LL.D

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